

MOHAMMAD ADAM

STONES & DIAMONDS

ADAM'S SONG

***On the Essence & Seclusion of the
Human Being***

Poems

Translated into English and introduced by

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Introduction

Mohammad Adam's poetry is a genuine reading of the universe with its secrets and mysteries as well as the Self with its defeats and hopes. It is a voyage into the nature of reality. The reader, being converted into a participant deeply involved in the dilemmas portrayed, immediately jumps into the heart of the dramatic scene as one is thrown into the middle of the portrait he sees. No more can he be a passive spectator looking from a distance, but a kind of secret sharer. Adam is an original voice, intensely figurative, and virtually impossible to pin down, or locate, or even identify as M. Enani (the prominent Egyptian critic and translator) points out in his introduction to his translation of some poems by the poet —"Adam's work is difficult to label."¹ Like postmodernist poets, he departs from the traditional school of old masters to challenge the venerable literary tradition in a drastic fashion and erode its foundations. Such poets not only dispensed with the necessity of rhyme and consistent meter, but they also rejected the imagery of long-established poetry and departed noticeably from its modes of expression. In such poetry, all formal canons as well as thematic and imagistic conventions are abandoned. Poets adapt the form of their poems not to previously held conceptions, but to the requirements of their individual tastes and artistic outlooks.

The challenge of translating Adam's poetry arises not only from the startling images he accumulates but also from the fact that he chooses to sing *solo*, to travel into rugged, untrodden roads as he rejects the mainstream forms, styles, and techniques. Such new roads promise neither safe shelters nor happy endings. No matter. His goal is not seeking shallow rhetoric or soothing rhythms, but exploring truth of the heart and seeking knowledge of the universe. John Cowe Ransom (poet & critic) sees that the poet "only wants to see the world, to see it better;" and thinks that true poetry is a superior form of knowledge that gives us the fullness of human experience." Allen Ginsberg, the leading Beat poet, goes further to declare that the poets' goal is to "save the planet and alter human consciousness." This sounds like Adam's speaker who has an irresistible dream to "modify the position of he world." That is why he is always caught in a constant dialogue with the soul, "close to the vague call of the truth; / and in the heart of every human being." The available forms and techniques are no more sufficient for his mission —"I reject your civilization / Infected with spots of blood and soft ruins; / I reject your intentions, good and bad; / I hate your air on roads, tinted / With lies / And fallacies, / Like corpses of dead rats." He raises his "thumb grudgingly / Into the face of the world." He and his beloved will "break off the austerity of conventions,/ and gravity/ and rotate round the orbit, / Like people, astray."

Adam desperately tries to open up new vistas stretching to indefinite horizons. He becomes, in Blakean terms, what he sees, what he perceives. He would accept neither delimited values nor worn-out experiences. He is determined not to allow the air of this world which is shamefully tainted with "hatred and rancor / To steal into my life." He knows he will definitely be "banished from your aging roads / Wherein there are only smells of utter rottenness."

The speaker in most of Adam's poems is not preoccupied by the temporary matters of everyday life. He is in a never-ending flight towards other spheres and planets. Sometimes he looks like an unearthly creature who comes "into the vicinity of eternity, / attended by nobody;" and who stands on the edge of "madness / Unexampled,/ Patting the buttock of times." He calls the galaxies under "the roof of his house; / Examines the dome of the sky / With his hands." No more his attached to life in towns and cities. He heads off always "towards the wind." He has decided to start "no-ending voyages, / Kicking dust with my feet." His dream is to reach the "trinkets of eternity,/ Never to seize but the truly precious." He stands "on the edges of clouds, / Whistling to the wind;" saying "Farwell to all monotonous things." In complete muddle, he starts from the edge to the center, "and from the circle to the point, / Until I reach nowhere." When he is confronted with undesirable realities, he submits to fantasies. like Joseph Conrad's young hero in *Lord Jim*. When galaxies run into galaxies, "I compactly cling to my fantasies, and go nowhere." Imagination always saves him and offers him shelter— "I shall invite the day to my banquets,/ The stars to my feast."

Since he is an explorer of interior as well as exterior reality, Adam's poetry is markedly colonized with an insatiable desire for quest. He is interminably looking for new answers to questions that are tragically old —the matter that reveals his insistence on renewing and, maybe, saving human life in a postmodern world baffled with wars, violence, disintegration and lack of direction. He is aware of the artist's role as a questioner —"I am the questions seeking answers of / The aging soul." Questions establish the structure of the majority of his poems. They are moments of spiritual and philosophical investigation that reveal the geography of the soul—" What time will the master enter this narcissus garden, / And smolder with the grace of desire / What time will he write on the margins of the body / 'Here lies the eternity of the soul?'" Questions often save his poems from formlessness and lack of design. They keep tension up as they always lead to clashes, contrasts, and perplexes. More importantly, they assert the poet's role as a questioner, as a person in quest of meaning. They affirm his existence and justify his life. Repetition of certain questions, sometimes monotonous, suggests ceaseless attempt and restless inquiry.

Questions in his poems are either personal and individual, or ontological and universal. In both cases they reflect the state of muddle and bewilderment of

man in the modern world. They are fearfully unanswerable in the same manner questions in William Blake's "The Tiger" were; and they seem directed to nobody.

In personal terms, he asks "Why does despair release me from death? / And from hope itself?" He asks in more than one place "Where is the route of pure goodness / To go through? Where is the road of pure evil / To avoid." He even does not know "how could I convey the thirst of my spirit? / How could I write about the faith of my soul / Decomposing?" Death and aging are always a source of disquiet stabbing him—"what meaning have life and death?" Somewhere else, he asks "What do agony and death and disability mean? / What do aging and absence of significance mean?" In a complete muddle, he asks "What is there beyond the soul and / Death? / How many cycles will we have?" Time seems to be a wild beast chasing him ruthlessly "What about time from whose fingernails / Blood streams?"

The space devoted to ontological and universal questions, however, is markedly larger. They are mostly associated with the mysteries beyond man's comprehension—"What does the world mean?" He even goes farther to question the essence of God Himself: "Who said / God is only a Word? / Or is only 'Being'?" Sometimes his questions sound like frantic cries for help "Who could stop this infernal wheel? / Who could stop that red mill? / Who could stand against that hellish circle?" But always nobody answers, nobody "knows to tell?" Nobody "sees to narrate." The world is enveloped in complete darkness and mist. Neither man's mind nor his imagination can offer relief—"What are the tricks of logic? / And what is the objective of metaphysics?"

This quest is habitually connected with agitated motion. He moves fervently from one place to another looking for a word or a sign that would bring peace to his tormented soul and equilibrium to his distressed mind. In the manner of John Bunyan's protagonist Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*, he "traveled through all those countries, / Softly touched all deserts / I took the star a canopy / And ate the weeds / And every time, / Always I returned disastrously exhausted, / And defeated." Yet, motion always is his magic shield against the absurdity of the human plight. It is his powerful means of resistance—"In time, motion is opposed to death," as it "rebels against time" itself. He moves all the time wearing the cloaks of a saint, of a new Christ; but he knows that his motion will lead to nothing "I am the eternal traveler towards the void / I have no friends; / I carry over my shoulders all the distresses of humanity." Motion becomes a sign of life because "all things [are] in motion / Nothing immobile / Except the 'non-being'." His goal is far beyond—"I shall track the steps of darkness on earth." Sometimes he soars and ascends, "I'll climb your remote skies;" and "here I am ascending your high mountain / Quietly / Otherwise, a single stone would fall down to the ground." He asks how many years suffice "To ascend these granite

stairs / Underneath your donating sun?" Other times, he flies downward, "I slip down to the earth / And face all treasons." In all cases, he falls "towards the vast wilds / But haven't seized a single certainty."

Sometimes metaphorical motion is made with a partner —"Let's proceed / You and I, without hurry, / Toward our certain desires—" in a way similar to that of the hesitant speaker in T.S. Eliot's "Love Song of J.K. Prufrock." Motion in Adam's poetry is not associated with a particular place —the matter that gives it a somewhat cosmopolitan quality. He is not concerned with a definite country, or an explicit city. It is about all nations, all people, all times. His protagonist, it is a matter of fact, is never portrayed as a social or political being. He is primarily infatuated by the human being's predicament. His spaces are open and expansive—skies, galaxies, spheres, seas. Though this might reflect his homelessness and alienation, such open spaces provide him with a great sense of expansion and liberation. There, he enjoys complete solitude and isolation — the matter that enables him to pursue his quest: "I shall stop at the rim of the sea to complete my meditations." This also justifies the utter absence of closed, restrictive spaces —rooms, houses, restaurants, etc. "I shall divulge other skies and valleys / At night / I shall invite the day to my banquets, / The stars to my feasts." He chases truth and revelation that sometimes take the shape of a woman's vessels that "float away from magnitude."

Quest for knowledge and salvation is always initiated through stages of intolerable sufferings and agonies. Sufferings in his poems are an unavoidable way of regaining the meaning of life. He looks like other types of "the sufferer in history" Lewis Hyde wrote about in his discussion of Allen Ginsberg's poetry.² He makes his way "towards your vast deserts. There, you are standing on the road of extreme solitude." He is helpless because skies are opening up "with their swallowing hoses / That started spilling longing / And melancholy." He cries, but no one hears —"Who has thrown me into this dulled maze?" In an image that recalls one of the Islamic rituals during the pilgrimage time, he speaks to the agony "I will go around you,/ And throw my pebbles." As if agony is Satan metaphorically thrown by pilgrim's pebbles. This celebration of sufferings leads us immediately to the great influence Islamic Sufism exercised on Adam's poetry.³

The first observable notion is the names of imminent Sufi poets and thinkers who are recurrently mentioned throughout the poems: "Will he decode the mysteries of Al-Hallaj? / What will he say to Al Nifari if he turns up? / There he is, / Coming close to the language of Al Sahrawardi, / Murdered with caution and alertness." In another place he complains that "al-Hallaj never told me about the lover's quandary;" And asks "Will Al-Nifari explicate to me/ The clues of speech? / And tell me how he measures the lover's discourse / With the fragrance of a rose?"⁴

More importantly, Adam adopts the aesthetics and techniques of Sufi text in his poetry. First is his departure from the world we explained, as well as his constant attempts towards the abstraction of language, so that it looks manipulated, rational, and symbolic. By abundantly using many archaic words once used by early Islamic Sophists, he attempts to dust off that long neglected language and energize its hidden powers. He seems to have put his hands on a language so glowing and pure, authentic and truthful —a language untouched yet by the fingers of the contemporary world.⁵ This supports him in his rebellion against the dominant forms of language. This in fact is being exercised by a growing number of modern poets in Egypt and some other Arab countries who endeavor to revitalize the poetic diction in a way similar to Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, and John Gay Pope in their attempt to revive the styles and diction of the Augustan Age in Britain during the 18th Century when they imitated original Augustan writers such as Homer, Cicero, Virgil and Horace. Their works exhibited the qualities of order, clarity, and stylistic decorum that were formulated in the major critical documents of the age as they were trying to apply the standards of harmony and precision of the original Augustan Age to their own time. But unfortunately some of the writers of modern Arabic poetry stop at the linguistic aspects, unaware of the gains that lie behind. Adam, however, manages to decompose words in order to re-compose them in an utterly new way. They acquire a new force in conveying the rhythms of modern life, a life obsessed with reckless speed and vague targets. Classical words such as 'longing', 'melancholy' and 'manna and solace' take on new dynamic dimensions and suggest new connotations. In so doing, Adam joins a limited group of poets trying desperately to write a new chapter in modern Arabic poetry —a chapter that starkly contradicts its long history of tradition and deeply-rooted methodology. This will also wrap language with new colorful cloaks that are capable of attracting the butterflies of the night and the birds of the sun. The destruction of any canon, however, might become ruinous if it is not accompanied by the creation of new canons that best express the dreams, fears, and anxieties of the man in a given period.

But language constitutes a real battle to Adam, since he feels he "knows nothing about / Language." He aspires at stabbing "language with the daggers of letters, / Infected by revulsion/ and vengeance." He desperately attempts to "capture the letters of language, / One by one." He feels to be under immense danger when he faces language —"Letters and words besiege him/ like snakes and lizards, / As they gaze out with their dusty, cluttered heads, / And their deadly, smoldering eyes." Sometimes he feels bored, so he decides to "discard the allegory of language," and "throw the letters of his language into garbage."

Other echoes of Islamic Sufism are noticeably spread throughout the whole of Adam's poetry. Following the paths of great Sophist philosophers, he is haunted

by the nature of reality. Man has to struggle to attain a clear vision of reality, and the transformation of consciousness that accompanies that vision. His verses "My eyes are withered of vision; / My soul worn out of looking / My ears got fatigued by hearing and talking / My Self / Disastrously damaged, and not yet liberated" bring to memory Muhyiddin 'Ibn Arabi's words in *Futuh al- Makkiyya* as well as his fine poems in *Diwan* and *Tarjuman al- Ashwaq* in which he provides a beautiful exposition of the unity of being, the single and indivisible reality which simultaneously transcends and is manifested in all the images of the world. He shows how man, in perfection, is the complete image of this reality and how those who truly know their essential self, know God.⁶ Many pieces in Adam's poetry are also reminiscent of Jalaludin Rumi especially in his attitude towards the notion of contrasts we will discuss soon. Rumi thinks that God has created suffering and headache so that "joyful- heartedness might appear through its opposite." Hence, hidden things become manifest through opposites.⁷

One of the important achievements of Adam is the way he draws on oppositions in the conveyance of his themes and attitudes in a way similar to Paul Cézanne's technique in constructing his paintings. Cézanne builds his portraits out of contrasts in colours as well as brushstrokes rather than from a conventional perspective. Adam juxtaposes words and images to open up sudden insights into the nature of reality. Much of the immediate force and the surrealistic quality of his poetry derive from unifying extreme contrasts, no matter how these contrasts reveal feelings and mysteries beyond logic. He plainly admits "I am the master of contraries / With no rival." He knows he is "full of inconsistencies and harmonies /In the meantime." So he "dissolves everything, / And assembles everything to myself." This is simply because he is "the image of all things / I am the flower and I am the soul / I am the absolute being / And absolute / 'Non-being'." Inside him, he carries the image of "truth / and the sternness of salty doubts." He is both "the wild desert" and "the fierce dew." He is the "charming spell of sleep" and the "nightmares of wakefulness."

Life/death, being/unbeing, light/darkness, doubt/faith, hope/despair, day/night, good/evil, body/soul, the sensual/ the spiritual, the divine/the profane, man/woman—all surprisingly exist in harmony. They are not, as they seem, clashing antitheses—"Death / Life / Life / Death / Two countenances for a single mirror / Called time." Even his beloved's body is packed with "innocence and guilt," as it grips "good and evil in their essences." With the glow of her pure eyes, he will "convert life into a dream, / Dream into life," and he will be able to make "hell similar to paradise / Paradise to hell." It seems that Adam is influenced by Buddhist beliefs. According to Zen Buddhism, evil is not considered the natural enemy of good, but its inevitable companion. They are sides of the same coin. We should not pursue one and resist the other, but accept the claim of both. Nobody is purely good, or purely evil. His soul itself, he is aware, echoes

as a "dice between the gardens of astray sin / and the sun of complete innocence." He announces " I am tinned up with innocence / And sin." He is also conscious that human heart, any human heart, is "the essence / of good / And evil," and that life /death relationship is not based on contradiction or enmity because there is a long dialogue between them, "Only time breaks it." That is why, he is not scared by death, and he will be like a "pirate / Making fun of life and death." Boundaries disappear even between sky and earth. He will stretch his feet "into bottomless space, /I look for the sky on earth / For the earth in the sky." Though he sometimes shouts out of despair— "Who could put an end to everything / Death / Life / Sleep / Wakefulness / Night / Day / Whiteness / Dark / Good / Evil / Pain / Gee?"

A poem, as the great Mexican poet and critic Octavio Paz believes, should not only accommodate these contrasts together, but should work hard to unify them, melt them in one crucible. This enables the poet to create another world parallel to the actual world he lives in. It will enable him also to create logic unlimited by shallow rationality and meaningless reasoning. Aspiring for a communion between man and the universe has always been one of the most demanding dreams of man. It is the main purpose of science, religion, magic, and poetry. There is an invisible thread tying up all these contrasts; and it is the job of genuine poets to find out that thread in order to make all things one thing since divisions are artificial. It is these divisions that cause modern man's fragmentation and estrangement. Man will not achieve self-knowledge unless he merges all these contrasts both within and without.

This leads to one of the most crucial images in Adam's poetry –the existence of woman. If man is to reach harmony and peace within him as well as with the whole universe, he should seek union with woman who is an inseparable part of his being. Without this fusion, his life will be pathetically incomplete. He will continue suffering from deep self-division.

The omnipresence of woman takes on different forms in Adam's poetry. Her beauty is often sensuously portrayed—eyes, hair, noses, breasts, etc. Those bodily components are often connected with the primal elements that constitute the universe. Her breasts are "charitable / like two almond trees / Maturing." From her lips "The world is born / With the flavor of the sun." From her powerful, divine fires "I lit for my soul her only loaf of bread." Her eyes are as "refined as pearls / When reflected on nature, / Alters into mirror." Her breath is "light, Your eye wisdom; / Your hand / A teaching tree." Her hair is "absolute charm." Her eye is a "star." Her body is a "well of water flowing." She is the "never dying river of life." Moreover, she is a "completed house" for him, as well as the "law of my body." As the universe sat down before God, woman was the "solitary candle. He adroitly burns." The sea "Even the sea, cannot falter from speaking with you." The forest "looks like you." She is the "gift of the earth; /

The truth of the soul / You are the tree of the world, / Blooming." She is "an utter being / And power." The poet elaborates in using parts of the woman's body because they represent a "mine of gold and a bar of melted light / A pure song of the soul." Her body travels beyond narrow adoration and "outwits all the civilization at night." But again, he is aware that her physical beauty is "absolute delight" as well as "absolute anguish."

Woman, in Adam's poems acquire a mythological stature that goes beyond her biological existence. She sometimes seems to be the only way towards truth, and towards the true knowledge of the nature of self as well as the vast, mysterious universe. Here appears again the impact of Sufism that have shaped the poet's poetic sensibility. Merging with woman in Islamic Mysticism is a necessary stage of man's unification with eternity. She is the maker of life, the maker of man himself. Man/woman harmony is always a moment of rare discovery and revelation. She is the force that controls the universe. She sometimes stands for God himself as she "seizes in her hands the destiny of everything / Life, hope, death, and despair." Her lips "weave the world / In sighs and murmurs." Her gorgeous body "cries with a thousand tongues / Speaks in a thousand languages." His love for her even exceeds the erotic level as her compassionate hands look like "two doves, / Two ladies.../ I love you/ O mother." It is a rare moment of awareness as if taking place outside human existence, beyond the limits of human sequential time. It is the moment man returns to his other self. Subject and object become one thing. All contraries melt away. All boundaries between dream and reality disappear. All divided souls become a single soul. It is the moment in which contrasts reconcile –life and death, light and dark, hope and despair. Opposites fuse and man becomes a whole being in the face of fragmentation and isolation.

Another unique feature in Adam's poetry is abstraction and personification. Real characters are often abstracted and stripped off their human qualities. As we saw that woman's existence goes far beyond her physical limits. The poet addresses her as being part of the universe—"When you, like a butterfly,/ Come into view, / I let my grubby soul / Bathe / on your sands, gleaming with longing." Her sun appears to him as the "eternal shadow of eternity;" her lips are a "water well;" her body is "what God writes." He will guide the caravans of the wind "on the peaks of your mountains, ever-burning with longing." Her sun is full of wonders; her spaces are inhabited with mysteries and fables; her sky is loaded with "stars; / Your lap is decked with pearls and precious stones." Woman mingles with mountains, hills, the sun, the moon, the stars. She is more than a human being, more than a beloved, a wife, or a mistress. She is the way to truth, if not truth itself. The protagonist himself seems to be an unearthly being. His body is "fire, water, air and dust." He "makes love to "the winds;" combats "with the wind while time and space are unseen;" sways on the tree of the wind "between life

and death; / Like heresies/ And sin;" takes eternity as a "haven for me;" can walk "like an abyss;/ And lean upon the void as a prey."

On the other side, Adam personifies the abstract objects. He will make "feasts and banquets for his fantasies, / And defeats." He disputes "with chaos." He combats with "the wind/ In fights/ And advocacies." He captures "the sun / As she, nakedly, spies on the rules of the body, / And its fluctuations." The sun "hides her disgrace with the time machine, / While the moon is walking lonely, / In skies of gloom, / And the sparkling stars / Pursue him." Through this game of abstraction and personification, the poet merges all beings—human and nonhuman. They are all equal partners in this wide universe. We all share the same space and the same destiny. Each is capable of performing the duties of the other. Maybe, in his attachment with suns, hills, and galaxies, man could achieve his dream of eternity.

Like W.B. Yeats who sails for the "holy city of Byzantium," because "that's no country for an aged man," because the young are "caught in that sensual music all neglect / Monuments of unaging intellect," Adam sets up his figurative journey back in time to the past in quest of illumination and revelation. He passes over the present times that look to him degraded and insane. He announces "I hate your naughty songs / And your diseaselike melodies." Uniting the far past with the future is, for him, the way towards salvation and recovery. The past with all its purity and virginity with the future with its promises and possibilities might save the contemporary man from all the agonies overpowering him and contracting his freedom. All alone, the poet travels into such roads, equipped only with the power of poetry and the magic of words. It is natural, then, that the present is apparently missing in the drama of his poetry. But it is an unreal absence, for the main objective of the poet is to heal this present and make it better. This also might justify the similarities in theme and style among the poems. Each poem is, in a way, a reproduction of another poem. Each leads to the emergence of the other. They sound to be similar parts in a long, long poem. Even titles are sometimes repeated. They, with a few exceptions, seem to share the same message, the same philosophy, and the same visions. The technique he adopts does not depend on progression or development as it relies on accumulation—an accumulation of images, of questions, and of feelings.

Adam also pays a great deal of attention to reviving the image of the poet as a prophet. He transforms his gift for language into a prophetic mission to save, instruct and love. He does not stop at the threshold of warning, screaming or rejecting as many others do. He believes in the significant role of the poet as a savior, as a prophet. H.N. Schnider proposes a definition of the prophet in literature as one who forces people to "look at their culture and see a myth...they can no longer believe in, for it is a living lie."⁸ Jean Wojcik, furthermore, defines

a prophetic stance in Western art as implying private vision, an insistence on the righteousness of the prophet and the corruption of his society.⁹

Adam's poetry, after all, comes close to the poetic style of the metaphysical poets who approach philosophical and spiritual subjects with reason and often concluded with paradox. Like them, he escapes from emotion and personality. His poetry is devoid of any biographical elements or direct social comment. Knowledge is his major objective. Even torture in his poems does not arouse pity, but reflection. His poetry reminds the reader with his homelessness in this tremendously vast universe. His poetry also displays a great deal of modernist and postmodernist features —questioning the Self, celebrating of fragmentation rather than fear of it; exploring new technical innovations that could enliven poetry and make it more dynamic. His poem sometimes might be marked with an evident unconcern for form or artistic design as it depends on accumulation not progression, but it is a continuing examination of man's plight and relationships with the universe. Adam's poetry is crammed with what Derek Walcott defines as "bitter sweet pleasures."

Notes

1. M.Enani, *Mohammad Adam: Songs of Guilt and Innocence*. Cairo, Egyptian State Publishing House (GEBO), 2004.

2. See Lewis Hyde, ed. *On the Poetry of Allen Ginsberg*, Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1984, p.102.

3. Sufism is commonly called the mystical branch of Islam, but many Sufis would argue the point, saying that Sufism existed before the advent of the Prophet Mohammed. This perspective makes Sufism a non-dogmatic tradition of devotion and mystical technology. Others assert that Sufism is well-rooted within the religion of Islam. Either way, it is a holy well of sacred experience and has inspired some of the finest mystical poetry given to the world. The Sufis are sometimes called the Masters of Love because the Sufi path strives for ecstatic ego annihilation in the fires of Divine Love. The origin and meaning of the word Sufi is often debated. It is often said to derive from the Arabic word for wool (suf), and a reference to the simple, rough clothing often associated with early Muslim ascetics. Other possible meanings for the term relate to purity, the chosen ones, even a reference to the Greek word for wise man (sophos). Sufism has had a profound effect on the mystical traditions of the world, both East and

West, since the Middle Ages. The Sufi tradition seems to have influenced developments in modern Yoga, particularly the ecstatic devotional practices of Bhakti Yoga. In Europe, as well, where mysticism often had to remain underground and look for mystical traditions "lost" or suppressed in mainstream expressions of Christianity, the Sufis greatly inspired Christian mystics, reaching them through Moorish Spain, through the interaction of the Crusades, and through the influence of Islamic physicians and scientists in service at various European courts.

The Sufi commentator Qushayri gives a beautiful description of the Sufi ideal: Sufism means seizing spiritual realities and giving up on what creatures possess. Sufism means kneeling at the door of the Beloved, even if he turns you away. Sufism is a state in which the conditions of humanity disappear. The Sufi is single in essence. (Quoted in *Sufism: An Essential Introduction to the Philosophy and Practice of the Mystical Tradition of Islam*, by Carl W. Ernst, Ph.D.)

4. Mansur Al-Hallaj (c. 858 - March 26, 922) was a Persian mystic, writer and teacher of Sufism. His full name was Abu al-Mughith al-Husayn ibn Mansur al-Hallaj. He was born around 858 in Tur, Iran to a cotton-carder (Al-Hallaj means "cotton-carder" in Arabic). His father lived a simple life, and this form of lifestyle greatly interested the young al-Hallaj. As a youngster he memorized the Qur'an and would often retreat from worldly pursuits to join other mystics in study. Al-Hallaj would later marry and make a pilgrimage to Mecca. After his trip to the holy city, he traveled extensively and wrote and taught along the way. He travelled as far as India and Central Asia gaining many followers, many of which accompanied him on his second and third trips to Mecca. After this period of travel, he settled down in the Abbasid capital of Baghdad. During his early lifetime he was a disciple of Junayd and Amr al-Makki, but was later rejected by them both. Among other Sufis, Al-Hallaj was an anomaly. Many Sufi masters felt that it was inappropriate to share mysticism with the masses, yet Al-Hallaj openly did so in his writings and through his teachings. He would begin to make enemies, and the rulers saw him as a threat. This was exacerbated by times when he would fall into trances which he attributed to being in the presence of God. During one of these trances, he would utter *Ana al-Haqq*, meaning "I am the Truth" and also, "In my turban is wrapped nothing but God?" which was taken to mean that he was claiming to be God, as *Al-Haqq* is one of the Ninety Nine Names of Allah. This utterance would lead him to a long trial, and subsequent imprisonment for eleven years in a Baghdad jail. In the end, he would be tortured and publicly crucified by the Abbasid rulers for what they deemed as a heresy. Many accounts tell of Al-Hallaj's calm demeanor even while he was being tortured, and indicate that he forgave those who had executed him. He died on March 26, 922. His writings are very important not only to Sufis. His example is seen by some as one that should be emulated, especially his calm demeanor in the face of torture and his forgiving of his

tormentors. Many honor him as an adept that came to realize the inherent divine nature of all men and women. Others continue to see him as a heretic. His most well known written work is the Kitab al Tawasin. (From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia).

Al Nifari Muhammad Ibn Abdul-- A Sufi born at Niffar, Iraq. He was an original thinker, though definitely influenced by his predecessor al Halaj. Ibn Arabi mentioned him several times in his Al Futuhat Al Makkiya. He authored Nawaqif and Mukhatabat. His son or his grandson collected his scattered writings and had them published. His collection was translated by A J Arberry and published in 1935. (Compiler: M. Nauman Khan / Ghulam Mohiuddin)

Al-Sahrawardi, who was born in the 6th century AH -- a period which boasts numerous Sufi aqtab (spiritual poles) -- occupies an important position in the history of Sufism. The first, introductory, chapter of this book discusses the life of Al-Sahrawardi which ended with his execution on charges of kufr (disbelief) and zandaqa (heresy), while the second provides an overview of his ideas about the relationship between logic and ma'rifa (non-scientific knowledge, to be distinguished from 'ilm). Chapter three discusses Sahrawardi's theory of logic and its relation to Aristotelian logic, while the following chapter is devoted to his critique of the latter. Sahrawardi's view that logic is a ladder leading to mystical illumination was to have a lasting influence on European thought, and his influence on modern logic is discussed in the fifth, and last, chapter of this book. *Al-Mantiq Al-Ishraqi 'ind Shihabeddin Al-Sahrawardi (The Illumination of Logic in Shihabeddin Al-Sahrawardi), Mahmoud Mohamed Ali, Cairo: Dar Misr Al-Arabiya, 1999. pp187.*

5. Sufi Poetry has been a revered art in every world culture, but this is particularly so throughout the Islamic world. The Holy Quran itself uses highly poetic language which, of course, inspires a tendency among Muslims to express themselves in a similarly poetic fashion.

6. One of the most important, perhaps the most important and central, of Ibn Arabi's ideas was that of the Logos, a term having the double meaning as "eternal wisdom" and "word" [Affifi, *Mystical Philosophy*, p.91]. Ibn Arabi refers to the Logos (kalimah) as the Reality of Realities (Haqiqatu'l Haqa'iq - in contrast to this the Sufi Hallaj used the similar term "Reality of Reality" (Haqiqatu'l Haqiqah) to refer to God Himself [p.68 n.2]) As A. E. Affifi explains [p.77], Ibn Arabi's Logos has three aspects (or can be considered from three points of view): the metaphysical aspect, as the Reality of Realities; the mystical aspect, as the Reality of Mohammed; the perfected human aspect, as the Perfect Man.

(See W. Chittick, *The Sufi Path of Knowledge*, Albany, New York: State Univ. of New York Press, 1989, and W. Chittick. *Imaginal Worlds: Ibn al- 'Arabi and the Problem of Religious Diversity*, Albany, New York: State University of New York Press, 1994. See also M. Chodkiewicz. *Seal of Saints—Prophethood and Sainthood in the Doctrine of Ibn 'Arabi*, trans. L. Sherrard, Cambridge: Islamic Texts Society, 1993.)

7. Jelaluddin Rumi was born in Balkh, in what is now Afghanistan, on September 30, 1207. When he was still a young man, though, his family fled under the threat of a Mongol invasion, and after much travelling, finally settled in Konya, Turkey. The name Rumi means "the Roman," that is, "from Roman Anatolia." Rumi followed the line of his father and his ancestors — scholars, theologians, and jurists. Until the age of thirty-seven he seems to have been a conventional teacher under the royal patronage. In 1244 he met the wandering dervish, Shams of Tabriz. This recognition strengthened and galvanized his belief. His poetry filled with a longing to be the Friend, and close presence he first saw in Shams, later in Saladin Zarkub, the goldsmith, still later in his scribe, Husam. Rumi died December 17, 1273. During the last thirty years of his life he became a brilliant unfolding of that recognition, and a cause of its incandescence in others.

8. See Herbert N. Schneider. *Sacred Discontent: The Bible in Western Tradition*, Univ. of California Press, 1976.

9. See Jean Wojcik and Raymond-Jean Fontain, *Prophetic Prophecy in Western Literature*. Cranbury, N.J.: Associated Univ. Presses, 1984, p.9.

Stones & Diamonds

Thus

Your moon ever drifting towards the void;
And soaring so high,
Wounded like a flower;
This moon of yours
Is a green violet
Upon the face of nights.

A Candle

Before the just God
Sat the universe down and you were
The solitary candle
He adroitly burns.

Your house

At the doorsill of your diminishing house,
I lost everything
Wisdom and valor
Hope
And despair;
Nothing I can say,
Except
Insanity is wiser than the world.
Now,
And through absolute ecstasy,
I remember you —
My mediator.

Thus

Passing before me as a fleeting angel,
You left your air behind;
It was like pollen
That scrutinizes the weeds of my soul,
Overflowing.

Singing

Before the damp music of the night taught me how to sing, I had to know the way towards your vast deserts. There, you were standing on the road of extreme solitude, spreading your hands as small as two white wings of a tiny bird about to congregate the light on the trunk of a rose.

Coffee

I drank my coffee,
This is a cold morning;
A small sun is spying me through
Coffee trees;
And carrying to me the fragrance
Of your breasts, charitable
Like two almond trees
Maturing.

Your Lips

From your alabasterlike lips,
The world is born
With the flavor of the sun.

The Almond Tree

Underneath the forlorn almond tree staring out of you eyes, I wanted
to sit and lean my head at the shade of your trunk —crammed with
speedwell and craziness. Oblivion was a high tree with a head looking
out like a toxic insect.

An Oath

By this star I swear,
This sun is an adoring eye of a woman,
Dreaming.

An Abyss

Oh, my soul, grubby and slaughtered,
Oh, my heart soaked with agony
And gloom,
Beyond these paths of pain
And delight,
And through the roses of the dark soul
I cry —

How could I pierce through this abyss of the body?

Sparkling

Yes, yes,
I saw your distant springs,
Sparkling under the seductive noon sun,
Like the spots of your love spread on the roads.

Darkness

When dark fell down;
And the soul was shrouded in black;
When men were lamenting the defeat of hope,
And slipping into the chasm of their deep souls;
When darkness was rising up on earth,
Gripping the trees of despair,
I said to myself:
Now....
After those years of absolute ecstasy
And deluded longing,
How could we pick out the roses of the world
With fingers,
So tainted?

Fires

From your fires
Powerful and divine

Your fires—
Bonding with hope and gloom,
I lit for my soul her only loaf of bread,
And sat on a wet rock.

Why

Why does this hand uphold the taste of the body?
Why does this eye remember
The smell of the hand?
Why does this heart keep the secret?
Unhurriedly,
Walk in the air,
If you can.

An Eye

Your eye,
As refined as pearls—
When reflected on nature,
Alters into mirrors.

Personification

Solitude!!!
Even solitude itself is personified,
When
You step on it.

Memory

Passing near the sea,
Each time,
I remember your words,
Looking like foam.

A Glimpse

With a single, crushing glimpse,
I realized that time, as well, has fallen into the claws
Of your glory.

The Sky

The sky,
With its dazzling stars,
Is a tent
So ample
For your untamed soul.

The Day

The day
This day stops to talk, completely.
Might be, it remembers something

When you pass by it,
Touching its eyelashes.

The Sea

The sea
Even the sea, cannot falter from speaking with you,
As you lie down on your bed.

.....
The forest
Even the forest,
In its seclusion, looks like you.

Crying

Time cries:
Take this insect of death away.

Fingertips

With her fingertips,
She throws a quick look at the sky butterfly...
To cleanse the soul
Off its sins.

Winds

Yes!!
It is the winds
The same winds, compassionate with you,
Pass near my house,
And behave
Caringly with me,
Sometimes.

Piling up

He sweeps the sawdust of time away
In front of his house;
And sits on the couch of solitude,
Not to stare at the passers-by,
But,
To pile up your name.

Melancholy

Let him team up with others
Even against himself.
Let him act against others,
Or in alliance with himself.
No significance has this any more.
What matters now is
What could he do with your skies
Opening up before his eyes,

With their swallowing hoses
That started spilling longing
And melancholy?

Lying Down

The moon is
Your traveling companion.
Wakefulness is my friend,
You, the tree of love,
Don't branch out so high
I want to lie down.

Windows

My lady—
Nothing I can say to you now.
I'll wipe the dust away
From your trees
That started spying my windows.
Many longings are warring in my heart.
Doors and windows are frantically closing up.
Some music is going up and down.
It is your loud, resonant music.
I remember your luminous eyes.
The night hurts its own breath
With its whispers,
And drags its ferocious oxen.
The day remembers and denies.
And after all you are contented with what you are.

Rooms

In the air of gloomy rooms,
The growing noise of your movements
Fills me up
Ye, the river- guarding trees—
How many sparrows have you?
Ye, the vagrant gale:
Where do you go after the departure of the night?

Against Anarchy

As I look at your empty seat,
Light dries up,
Your words fight against anarchy.

Expansiveness

By neither space or time,
Your borders are besieged,
Ye, multi-colored tree.

Being

Your breath is light;
Wisdom is your eye;
Your hand —

A teaching tree.

Angels

The abandoned angels of last night are murmuring beside me. They knitted their dragonish nooses around my soul. Willingly and piously I laid for them the banquets I got from the markets, but they ate nothing except the drying up sun of my soul.

Dew

Close to this morning rose, beneath the drop of dew, amongst the pure weeds, and always in the discourse of the soul; close to the vague call of the truth; and in the heart of every human being, there is the thing that makes singing a necessity.

An Abyss

When like oxen we were working,
And hope deceptively appeared to us as a remote island,
Our years knew not rancor,
And had no
Single truth;
Slipping into the abyss of oblivion
Only
To perch on our poor possessions.

Solitude

Lonely, you are,
Banished is the universe.
What are you doing in this house?
Leaving your nightmares expand on walls?
Chasing after stoneware cats in fire?
Inventing a sun for your memory?
Befriending the gale?
Carrying a spear
And running in pursuit of your despair?
Targeting the water moons with a pipe of serum?
Remembering the face of a woman,
Perished in the time of Cholera?
You are lonesome,
And the universe is cast away.
How ugly this world be!

Destiny

I know the destiny of your love
It will pass away,
Completely,
As the universe that will perish in a calm night.
And beneath a low noon,
I will uncover your remotest well
With full vigor.
No,
Not to fill my chalice with more agonies;
But to peep at the sky
Revealing your adored image.
So I touch your blessed waters,
So deep.

Trying

Once
I tried to squander you within my soul,
But only frittered myself away.
All those suns,
All those seas,
All that universe,
All those nights—
Might
Find it reasonable to pause under the shade of your walls.

Fear

Why were you scared, gale?
I often lay the lawn on my bed,
Talk to it in my own way;
It eats up....my heart,
While I steal a look at a star,
Fading away.

Love

Much I will speak of the man,
The one-dimensional-man
And of myself absorbed by love;
And speak of you all.
Love sees;
Love hears;

Love has eyes,
And hands,
And a heart;
Love loves.

Flourishing

Why does this tree boom?
Because spring whispers his salutation
Into her ears.
Why does this moon illumine?
Because the earth has unclothed herself
Under his feet.

A Woman

You, woman
My love!
And the image of spring;
You are an oak tree
Blooming around my soul;
A completed house for my self;
You are the law of my body
The world is but a gust of air;
Time a single moment is no more.
Ye, the vast desert of salt—
Your love is a charity.

Hymn (1)

Nobody can grab your love from me;
No other woman is but like you;
Things pause before you,
Only to query and narrate
Of the sun and the moon,
Of the rivers at night,
Of the gale in winter and summer,
Of beauty,
And of spring,
Of the manna and solace,
Of tranquility in motion and motion in tranquility.
Where from does that full moon come,
If not from underneath your feet?
Where does this sky
Outpour,
If not into your river?
What meaning is for those stars hanging in your curls?
And why do words take on the form
Of discourse and magic on your lips?
No one has power to usurp your love from me.
No one has power to take you from me.
Even death;
Death is no more than a coward,
I'll stand in front of spring and proceed;
Triumphantly,
I'll stand in the face of gloom.
I'll never bend down;
Why do they speak about spring and not staring
At you?
Ye, the tree of blessing and hope,
Yours is the law of the supreme soul,
You taught me that love
Can resist death
That love is higher than doubt and
Truth.

Hymn (2)

You, Lady—
A mine of gold and a bar of melted light;
A pure song of the soul;
And polished silk of language,
With truth
And doubt,
The secret of my soul;
The heart of the world;
Your lips forget words;
They can do nothing but adore.
Your eye rule and tell,
Dream and narrate;
Your hand foretells and says;
Your feet travel from one planet to another,
In no more than a groan,
Your body outwits all civilizations at night.
Waves and froth and winds;
Silver and all things to purify;
Gold and what glues the earth to the earth;
Mistiness and submission and blaze;
The paradise and the true metal of the Hell..!!
The air,
And the spikes of deadly cheeriness,
Only
I'll let it narrate and tell;
I'll let it dye green and grow.

In flames

When your love is the only tree in this world,
And my soul was waking up,

Your dawn was burning.
Your absence means the loss of truth, and death;
It is the cruelest agony;
The most distressing cruelty.
You are the powerless beauty,
And the insurmountable love.

A Lily

Neither beauty,
Nor disorder,
Nor awareness,
Nor will,
Neither truth nor uncertainty;
Neither visibility nor invisibility;
All
All
Can never come close to you,
Or lay siege around you,
Except with a premeditated measure.

Muddle

You are
Imperishable muddle,
Certainty beyond reach;
You are defeat and triumph;
A blessing;
The beloved sin of the world;
You are
The matter that outwits beauty and wisdom;
The muddle that organizes the world.

You have
A thousand face
And face.

Wisdom

Your anarchy
Is the wisdom of the world;
Your anarchy is the conscience of the soul
That never tastes certainty.
Your soul is the certainty of wisdom;
Your body is
The certainty of thirst.
Ah, that beauty that neither donates
Nor can be avoided;
The beauty that shimmers,
And does not pass away.

Knowledge

I cry:
Will is the certainty of your body;
Awareness is
The cry of your love;
The soul is the primacy of your body;
Thirst is your eternal spring;
And demise is
The end of your travels;
The desert is your smooth roads;
And knowledge is
The truth of your intuition.

.....

.....
Plow up her body before it sleeps.

Hymn (3)

I can step over ache and desolation;
I can proceed forward towards hope;
I can teach despair to escort the noon,
And seduce the day;
I can teach the dawn to sweeten and give light
To you;
I can merge despair
With hope in a single ingot;
I even can justify the idea of death;
But I can not forget you.
Forgetting you
Is more powerful than hope and gloominess,
Than the will and
The rudiments of dissolution and
The revolutions of nature.
Forgetting you
Is higher than knowledge and wisdom;
Forgetting you is as intricate
As your body.
The earth is orphaned without you.
Forgetting you means death,
Nothing but death,
And nature's neglect of
Her own will.

An inquiry

You, lady
The shores became sisters of the sea;
The sea became an ultimate song for the sky,
Love is not vulnerable;
Love tolerates,
And listens.
Ye, the sister of my soul, the sister of my self,
Is there a meaning for anything and everything?
Wisdom and insanity?
Reason and power and will?
Departure and arrival?
And death..?
And the universe and renewal, leaving and returning,
Finale and perpetuity...?
The sky started to sleep on earth
And earth is shaded by a sky
So absolute.

Alienation

My soul was about to age,
My mind to dry up,
My hands to seize nothingness,
I heard stones rolling down
And the rocks of my soul spilling —
Now!!
Let the soul shriek,
Let the earth be towed,
Let the sky
Slither,
And let the body
Tell the tale of its own alienation.

Expansiveness

The soul has its own wisdom;
The body its own laws;
Let the eye moan and receive light;
Let light sleep only under your body
And lips;
You, light
Be a friend to the one I love.
You, sky
Expand
For my soul's sake.

Equilibrium

You restore loneliness to my self,
And hope, too.
You, sun, the sister of the sea —
You return to me
The shape of my lost soul.

Release

Why does despair release me from death?
And from hope itself?
Despair is hope;
Hope is despair.
Everything leads to the emancipation of its own self;
Everything leads to absolute oblivion;
Everything leads to absolute desire.
Desire is the truth of the body;

And the body
Is an ox, sightless.

Meditation

Meditate and be astounded —
Time is
A fake tree;
Life is a dream;
The day a stumpy tree;
And the night is a song.
With no
Desire I proceed;
With sturdy perception,
I shove time ahead of me,
As a handcart.

Writing

I write about you to the sky
I profoundly love;
To the stars whispering to the sea;
To hope flowing down from despair;
To despair issued from hope.
I write about you to the earth
That speaks to the weeds, abundantly;
To the grassland that dreams lavishly of shade
And sun;
I write about you to the windows
Gazing at the walls;
To silence longing for
Remorse;

To the daylight sleeping under the silver of your body,
And still you know not.
I write about you to the doors,
Locked,
On the ends of the night;
To the poisonous solitude,
And the fish of melancholy.
I write about you to doors and houses;
To walls that speak;
To ears unable to hear;
To your avid eyes;
And vanished trees;
To dreams and brutal uncertainty;
I write about you to the sea with its glowing iodine,
And ever-wakeful oysters.
I write about you to the sun residing beneath your chest;
To the nostalgia leaping out of your eyes;
To your hands, vast as a sea;
To your lips, pure as a well.
I write about you
To coarse delight,
And exhilarating anguish;
I write about you to blind despair
And blind hope.
I write about you to will and reason,
To blessing and death.
You are
Absolute delight,
Absolute anguish.
I write about you to the rose
And the completed dew;
To the flaming summer,
To the resonant dew.
I write about you to the persuasive noon,
And agonizing pain.
I write about you to time,
And to the wisdom of death.
I write about you to life fluctuating between mobility

And immobility,
Because you are stillness about to move,
And mobility about to stay.

Ah

You, the joyous sun of my soul,
The shape of my wounded heart,
I write about you to everything,
Simply because you are
The glory of everything..!!

A Trunk

Lay your yielding hands down on the withered weeds
Of my soul;
Drown my astray soul with hope;
Dry the warts of my crushed soul up
With your green smile,
Unexampled and unmatched.
In frost and bare space,
Burn for me the last lantern with your yielding hands.
There you are,
Leaning my head
Upon the shadow of your trunk.

Hair

Your hair
Looks like absolute charm,
And vertiginous compassion;
A star is your eye,
Reflecting the gloom of spring,
Brimming up with enticement.

Pure wisdom is your discourse;
Your body,
A well of water flowing.
Your lips overpower certainty,
And always lead to calamities;
Your hands
Blast the sky,
Despite its vastness;
Your eyes wipe millions of stars off the horizon,
And fasten, in their rooms, your looks,
Compassionate as well.
Your sun
With seduction is filled
And with rage.

A Well

Why don't you knock on my door
At night?
I'm a lonesome man;
And here is solitude falling down on me
With its countless black wings,
And its words, invisible.
Gloom I hold in my hands,
And squeeze agony –in my teeth- like a fruit,
So sour.
Your sun is warm;
A well of water
Your body be.

Life

Life means love;
The tree is an armless trunk of light;
The kiss
Is the lower lip of the world.
Nobody comprehends;
Nobody overpowers light;
Light dreams and comprehends;
Light escorts and supports.
Everything
Leads to a labyrinth.

Azure

That's the azure moon on the soft sun
Of your body;
Your green star grasping hope and depression;
The universe was stirring;
Perception and truth
Perception and truth and awareness;
Your hand arresting the ashes of things;
Your hand
Spraying sparkle on the face of the world
And the flux...
Ah, the tree of dead things
You,
How sleepless!

Sharing

Life
Leads to love
And love

Gives us perception and agony.
Courage and perception
Are the cores of truth.
Life
Leads us to love
And love teaches us sharing and death.

.....
.....

What does the world mean?
What do agony and death and disability mean?
What do aging and absence of significance mean?
The world is a rubber ball,
Rolling under the bleeding feet of time.
Raise the sails up for light;
Your sun
Dwells in this garden of pain;
Why to the counterpart a thing does turn?
Why should I always look for vestiges?
It is you that seduced me...!!

Breast

Since your breast is an apple,
And two oranges your eyes are,
And I was starving to death;
And I was chasing a ship..
Holding in my teeth that overwhelming pain;
-..... I was still with no sea,
With no guide,
Or platform, or sound,
Only
An air tinned with possibilities.

Time

Time looks like rubber
The night, with its bloody gloom and resonant
Womanlike appeal;
The day with its immeasurable tricks
And ovaries;
All alone
I clasp time in my teeth
And fool around.

Renewal

The ego renews and unites with existence;
'Being' relapses into 'Non-being';
'Non-being'
Itself becomes the essence of 'being'.
Hollow is the world;
Death
Is true.
That fruit time chews by his rosy jaws.
Ye, woman
Why did you seduce me?
O God
O my God
Why did you split me?

Picking up

I hold the stones of desire and become razor-sharp;

I splash on the sands of the body,
And long for solitude;
I close my eyes submissive to the light;
And pick your sun up.

'Non-being'

There it is, 'non-being' opens his bloody chasms,
And extends his trunks with his hands,
So solid-rock and cambered to grab me;
I shout:
There it is,
The abyss opening up, and nobody hears;
There it is,
'Non-being' outstretching his sturdy trunks,
And staring at me,
With his infernal eyes
And no
Nobod.....d...d...ddy proceeds.

Blindness

Unhurriedly,
I restore order to disorder
And disorder to order;
Who said that the brain is powerless?
Or that it is
Eternally blind?

An Appeal for Aid

To the light,
To the light,
Ye, ships navigating millions of years ago,
Without reaching a shore.
To the sea,
To the sea,
Mutinous light
For good.

A tattoo

Your love is
A plate of divine honey,
Upon the table of the sky, so tinted
With stars;
Your hand,
Looking like rivers of absolute gold,
Prints on my heart
Spots of your love.

Reasons

Because of your gorgeous hands,
Because of your lustful eyes,
And your body narrated but not written,
Because of your hair
That blends hope with despair in a single ingot,
Because of your trees
Lined up on the sidewalks,

Like tropical rains,
Because of your thick lips
Eliminating fear,
And continually looking for truth;
Because of your nose,
Both seductive and vague,
Like the prayers of priests,
Because of your discourse looking like the rustling of angels,
Because of all these
I love you, my lady
And my mother.

Isolation

Glory and words,
Your eye is truth as truth should be;
Peace is a spoken word,
A forenoon,
A confidant tree;
Your organs—
A jungle.
In fact,
You lean upon an absolute isolation.

Sometimes

Sometimes
I dream
That I lean my head on the shade of your
Brim-full tree,
And that this fierce noon
Might

Wane at the tower of your window;
And as you let your high trees stand in the frontage,

.....

.....

And let your sparkling dawn,
And your craggy, treacherous roads, in flame,
And your compassionate hands,
Like two doves,
Two ladies;
And as you let your sun not to melt
I love you,
O Mother.

A Sound

Sometimes
I hear your singing at night,
And ask
What makes music
Look around?
Why am I thinking of you this way?
Your hands are
Wet with desire;
Your eyes are
Two doves
Untamed and wild,
Leaking lustful passion;
Your body is
A history of pirates?!!

At Night

At night,
Always at night,
When rancor glitters with its insatiable jaws,
When words of the neglected angels
Stream ferociously,
And adroitly,
I lay the aged rose of the soul upon my heart,
And I leaned upon the brass of the body,
So captivating;
I gazed at your sturdy castles.

Leaves

From fingers' leaves,
Falls the last leaf of your love,
As a sun, remaining, and
Hanging up
On the roof of a tempting noon.

Dialogue

The daylight
How does this daylight speak all alone
with you,
Despite the differences and oppositions that exist
Between you and him?
Only
It is solitude that starts talking;
And here I am examining your words,
And gulping your looks;
And here fingers start talking

As soon as they see.

Life and Death

Death
Life
Life
Death
Two countenances for a single mirror
Called time.
Sometimes I think about non-being and laugh;
With a life threatened by waste,
What would death eat of us away?
Ah,
In solitude I innovate you for myself,
Perhaps
To hear the beatings of my own drums.

Intersections

You,
The amorous lady
That seizes in her hands the destiny of everything—
Life, hope, death, and despair.
True desire and true time
In real life
Cause bewilderment, somehow odd,
Like when hands touch,
Or steps intersect.
Some passer-by will spy us, not knowing
That we are talking only because our steps
Are intersected, and that silence is

Our discourse, possible.
In what garden a loving lady waits for an adoring man?
And in what sky
An adoring man waits for a loving lady?
What alienation!
Shadow is a continent drowned in meditation
Of the sun.

Fierceness

There he is, inscribing your words
On stones and the dim trees of the soul;
Where do you write his?
Undoubtedly, on the walls of a gale.
I'm an unarmed passenger;
And like suburb trains, we hurriedly meet,
Leaving no traces behind.
Why do you lean your head upon this rose?
Aren't you worried about her getting seduced?!!
To touch your shadow
Is to betray your organs.

Wetness

Damp her hair
With aroma and speedwell;
Set up her throne on water;
Lay her down on the lawn
In sunlight;
She is, then, my beloved.

Wells

Even your distant wells are themselves
Ramparts;
Upon meeting,
We lack power to prolong our looks,
Only,
We let our stressed
Petrified looks
Scrutinize each other tenderly,
And unhurriedly.

Hunger

I'm hungry for your eyes,
Akin to spring;
Hungry for your words made of silk and alabaster,
For your hands made of daffodils and diamond,
For your sun slipping down,
To the garden of the night.
I'm hungry
For your sun bathing in the woods,
And drying up with the stabbing dew.
Why do you let the drops of your love fall down
On the ground?
You, the rose
Who knows how to make from the night a special song
For the day,
And from the day,
A true butterfly
For the night.
I'm hungry for your sour fruits,

And your woods that bestow light,
Hungry for your lower lip that weave the world
In sighs and murmurs.
You, who is inhabited with desire and bloom,
You,
The interconnected forest of the world.

Yes

Yes...!!
I dream and shiver,
I write about the words that speak,
The words that love,
The words that see, hear, and feel,
The words that know
And suffer
I write about you because you are the glory of spring.
In the morning,
I hear your breathing echoing;
And at night
I scrutinize you as a star,
Declining.

Discourse

Make your body talk
Make the daylight, dripped in your silver,
Feel abandoned and at fault.
Ah
How charming and gorgeous your body is!
As a cymbal playing all alone,
Your body cries with a thousand tongues,

Speaks in a thousand languages,
And writes its own legends
And codes
With a thousand hands;
And plays its own supreme tune
In a thousand forms.
Your body holds the daylight with its lips,
And makes solitude feel sour.
Let your beaten soul shriek.
Like you, I am bare and parentless;
Eat the sweet tree of life,
Chew its torch in flame,
Peacefully
It is the absolute peace of the soul,
And the peace of complete knowledge.

You

You are
The never drying river of life;
The bough full of dew;
The sweet tree of life.
It is you that weave around my soul
Brawny traps,
And print on my heart the spots of love.
More than once, I told you
I love you;
In more than one sky I said I'd monitor you;
To more than a woman I said,
You hold, with resonant forefingers,
The driving wheel of life and death;
With you I go into the hanging church of your love;
And I frequently visit the rugged areas of my soul,
Except for those beautiful eyes
The only thing I have in this world,

My love with no purpose would have become,
A scandal would be my heart.

Stones

On the infernal stones of the night I write your name,
And beneath the dome of the sky,
Bejeweled with stars,
I pause to ponder how beautiful your movement is.
Your movement looks like your soul,
A confidant butterfly.
You
Weighs every word of yours as if weighing pure gold,
And absolute wisdom.
You are the unassailable force of Nature.

Desire

You ought to sleep, desire,
For how many years I have been observing you;
For ages I have been trailing you on roads;
Hearing your footsteps, I feel dumb;
My eyes are withered of vision;
My soul worn out of looking;
My ears got fatigued by hearing and talking;
My self,
Disastrously damaged, and not yet liberated.
Your grasses, loaded with foam,
Blow up before me like a sea overflowing,
With noise and froth.
Your skies are filled up with fierceness;
What lethal chasms –with drowning people around you-

Go around my crumbling soul?
Take me to your beautiful absence;
You, lady
Until I vanish and evaporate
Open up onto me all destinies.

Hedonism

Your hair dyes the night with wisdom;
From your thick lips imperceptible words flow;
Your legs,
An absolute 'being';
The loops of your legs,
A gulf.
Take me to your high paradise,
And open onto me the gates of my wounded soul.
Ah, those two sturdy legs
That
Know pretty well how to make
The bowl of hedonism.

Vanishing

Your soul vanishes;
Time stares at the obdurate fan of the summer;
At seas, salt often stumbles
As ferociously as a butterfly does.
Holding the weeds of my deafening soul,
I contemplate;
With appalled fingers I paint your face
Inscribed of absolute blessing;
And think about the void,

So wrecked
On the glass of resonant language.

Abandonment

In the brassy tube of the sky,
I abandoned my bowl;
The velvet of a woman is breaking and nobody
Becomes complete.
Through your beautiful eyes, I imagined that God descended
In a flock of angels
To see me.
This woman is a gift for herself.
About the body packed with innocence and guilt
About the body bristled with pearls and tears
In the blaze of the aging soul
Beneath the flaming sun of the morning
In the reality of the craggy solitude;
In the questions of the soul
That lacks certainty;
In the sky of gleaming wakefulness;
In the noise of blunted matter and on the tables
Of marble and narcissus,
Amongst the brutal islands of light,
And amongst the weeds of crushing desire,
Under the wild rivers of the body
And on the dry weeds of the daylight
Your sun is a vinegary mirror.

A company

The dawn is in the company of a woman;
The daylight is a branch of a rose;

And the truth a busted tree.
Neither the hand
Nor the mouth
Nor the tongue;
Even the knowledge of words
Can never satisfy your passions.
The words you fling towards the dawn
Always intersect.
Through remorse
And penitence,
Away from that undetected perfection,
Away from the day and the night,
Things, less eye-catching, rest
Under the wisdom
Of your fingers.

Beauty

Your gloomy years
Your life that has no absolute work;
Your neck that deconstructs light;
Your discourse that looks like lust;
Your body that
Grips good and evil in their essences;
Your hand inflamed by desire;
Your sun operating with no definitely regular plan;
Your nose that surmounts through air and dark;
Your lip that absorbs the world—
For all those
He should have remembered that
Beauty stands lonesome.

Warmth

Under this heat of your piercing body
My restless soul started pouring dust,
Whereas your soul
Grasps defeats.
Your dry, yielding soul
Wrapped upon itself like a lonesome planet,
Started watching the sun in complete
Seclusion.
When I was rubbing with my astray hands
The treasures of your wounded soul,
I ought to have remembered
That your moon, dazzling so high,
Stands alone
On the dome of the sky like a bird in flame;
And here I am rolling on your hot sands
Like one of the injured oxen.

Defeat

Stand, you tolerant lady,
On the stairs of eternity,
Make the planets listen.
Through your resonant fingers
A river of words overflows.
Your feet are two wild ponies
Passing through the galaxy,
And making noise.
Your eyes listen attentively to the whispers of nature;
Your body tells his word that is similar to pollen.
Always
The gale drinks the sourness of defeat.

Scepters

You

The holder of blessing and scepters,
Since your overwhelming fire that burns the soul
Always flows upon my gloomy deserts,
And my galaxies;
Since I pass everyday through the resonant waters
Of your rivers;
Your sun, made of the liquid of affection,
Glowes at night under my windows,
And climb intuitively and ferociously
The noisy trees of my soul.
The odor of your shimmering breath possesses me;
And your galaxylike eye
Reveals the nature of doubt and frustration.
Your breasts fluctuating like two pearls of ivory and alabaster
Weave his signs and legends
Ah
Your stories,
How countless!!

Your butterflies

How beautiful your butterflies hovering in the horizon are!
How extraordinary your body is,
Like a mine of diamond
And milk.
Let's listen –together- to the gale
Reciting and talking.
Let's listen –together- to our vague lusts
And their myriad sympathies;

Let's listen –together- to the sea that never sleeps and
Always proceeds forward,
Never looking at the shores;
Let's listen to seclusion being sad
Like a hopeful tree;
Let's listen to the froth
Whose brilliance excels the dawn,
And uncovers so little of the truth about the sky.
How could I drink you as a flower,
And you are the whole wells
You,
The garden of entire seclusion.

A flower

You will be like a flower
And I shall love you so much;
And more than any time,
And more than anything,
More than all things,
I'll find a name similar to you
Applying only to you;
You,
A pearl shaped far from the sea.
I'll find a name adequate for you
More than for the truth about the human being,
And his isolation,
Too.
I'll write you on the dew
There.....
And deep amongst the roots that we love
Warmly
And that glitter in seclusion.
With plows, I'll plow the multi-layered earth,
Deep and blooming

Like your body
The same way.

Standing on the Waves

In the cloud I look for your stunning hair,
And your aquatic butterflies
Striding the sky with their golden feet,
And stand only on the waves.
Your love is the reality of the sun.

Climbing

I'll climb your remote skies,
Unhurriedly;
And step down on the carpet of your unexampled vast land.
Nothing stands on my way;
Nothing encumbers my procession;
It is our right to love our life that we made
Of speedwell and patience;
To love our bottomless words
With their roots and flame;
To love our wounded songs,
And our trees that spend the nights,
All alone.

Certainty

A single eye arrests my attention—

Your eye.
A single nose witnesses my surrender—
Your nose.
A single silence speaks—
Your silence.
A single
Language
I know—
The certainty of your body.

Sculpture (1)

With the childhood deserted at the doorsill of the world,
With the pupil of the smoldering stones,
With the night torch that never quenches,
With your countless, eye-catching ruins,
With the flickering night dew,
With your soul, absolute in itself,
With your sparking skies beneath the unconquered seas of light,
With your breasts that inflame the soul,
With your face
Carved by the fingers of light,
As an absolute wisdom,
With your voice that coins the glittering night songs,
With your faith that stops only
At the threshold of doubt,
And your doubt that at the threshold of faith ends,
With the generous sun, my lady,
With the softness of your chunky breasts
As two nuts
Budding,
Smoothly at the footstep of alabaster,
With your marble issued from the vigorous alabaster of nature,
With your desolation looking like hope,
With eyebrows that construct a road for wisdom,

With your fingers laden with faith
And desire—
You
Are the unrepeated version of nature,
My lady
Your love is the faith of my body.

Sculpture (2)

Whatever your acts and gifts be,
Your words ascend from the mouth of the earth;
Your body bends tenderly upon the darkness,
As the night pauses before your tropical woods,
Off you take your white gloves,
And throw them at the face of the hostile noon
Becoming whiter than the daylight itself.
Whatever your acts and gifts be,
Your words ascend from the mouth of the earth.
With care the well-knit time extends its vivid silk
Under your feet in the vacuum of the body,
And under the strain of a burning desire.
In the time,
Carefully-exhausted on the vacant seat of eternity,
When your tiny fluid river loiters
In this gloom,
And on the glasses of your lit windows,
I see you...
I see the glasses of your honeylike eyes
Shrouded in the blessings of nature,
Distressed.
You are
More profound than nature itself,
And wiser than the whole world, in the meantime.
With the utmost
Softness

Hold one piece of the moon and roll it down
The smooth stairs of your body.
I know
You excel at a single game, over and over again,
It is your absolute love for this world;
And here I am ascending your high mountain,
Quietly,
Otherwise, a single stone would fall down to the ground.
Together
From a narrow angle,
From the angles of the desolate soul,
We could look down upon the frosty areas of the world,
And its gifts,
As well;
We may sleep, together, on the road of the donating solitude,
Naked,
Except from weeds.
Perhaps
We could roll the stars up
Under our blankets vulnerable to damage,
And sleep naked like two planets of absolute diamond
And melted silk.
You, who support the alienation of my soul,
With a divine power.

A Sign

Time is a sign of death,
Of rebirth, too;
You are its luminous dawn;
You are
Its sky sparkling with stars;
With you
The earth takes on another image;
Takes on

A shape of a civilization
Crumbled long time ago.

Muddle

What can I do except stepping on the arrogant solitude,
Hissing inside me.
Under the roof of my house I plant
Stars of brass and desire,
And wander
Lonely in the infinite vacuum;
With my deeply cracked feet,
I touch your soft grass.
I am a lonesome man,
With neither streets nor home.

Touching

When I touched your passionate hand,
Your hand which prints my soul
With serenity and tranquility,
I realized
How many years suffice
To ascend these granite stairs.
Underneath your donating sun,
My lady,
How much wisdom have I to learn
What your wise glance means?
How many roses have I to smell
To single your piercing scent out?
With powerful insight,
I climb your high mountain

And make you sleep like a queen.
You, lady
Solitude is chasing me out
With its rancor.

Eternity

I paused to reflect on solitude
On the infernal island of the night.
It was holding its ravenous hook
To catch
Your butterflies
.....
.....
I know
You were spending the night with the moon,
Rearing the stars under the roof of your house.
That day
Eternity, all eternity was
Yours.

Alluring hearing

Sometimes
I hear the beatings of my heart,
I smell the burning of my veins;
Stepping on the weeds of my soul
I ask:
Is that love?
Why do you confound me

.....
.....

God?

Perpetuity

With some defeat,
My soul shrouded.
I got tired of heresy.
On the water of your blessing
I defied, with fortitude,
My traps.

Howl

The smell of your fingers burn up with desire;
My heart howls inside;
I hear your voice coming from afar,
So my heart is wounded.
Certainly
I know I am mad of you;
Hasn't your affectionate face been
A trap
For me?

Rules

The trees
With their powerful branches;
The sea with its seductive iodine;
The moon

With its appearances and rules;
The day with its
Arguments
And Ways;
The night
With its glories
And defeats;
All these things
How dare you close your boxes on them?

An Entire Life

In your childhood,
You befriend the moon.
At your window,
You speak to stones.
In your old age,
Your hands
Brush the dust off the cloaks of nature
About to dry up.

Space

The space of the depleted soul,
The space of the unarmed world,
The space of the renewed roads,
The space of the aged memory,
The space of the vacant heart ,
The space of the eye
Glowing—
All these are your abundant mirrors
Ah!

My crushed hope,
And bare tree.

A Gift

The gift of life,
The road of hope and despair,
The pleasure uncertainty—
Weren't all these your
Bowls wherefrom I drank?
I'll say:
These are your tears
When the earth go green;
I'll say:
Sleeping upon the lawn
Is a gift.
I'll say to the gale:
Now play the tune
Of the whole universe.

Writing

I peek your body like a cane;
I walk down the never-ending sea of your corals,
And stand firm;
I count the lusts of your body,
With my hands,
And I say to the gale:
Peace be upon you
Peace be upon you.
I write your name
On the heart of each flower;

On each stone;
I set up a tent for you,
And a space.

.....
Your body is a book, the gale reads;
And fingers turn up its pages;
My body is
A book written by tears and bred by
The holy lust.

Flower Trees

Your hand that touches the winds,
Write on the tempest / You are similar to my heart.
Your hand that touches the stones,
Write on the soil
Here
Grows the absolute being of flowers.

A Dream

It is a fact
The day as well can have a dream,
By laying one of his hands
Under your never sleeping pillows,
While your elegant stars
Close their eyebrows
As they serenely dream
By your table.

Stones

Stones!!
Even the stones
I engraved your name on them.
What a glory
Could God accomplish for you
More than this?!

Yes

Yes
It is the sky
That will discard its total silence,
And eternal tranquility,
To fill itself up with
The clamor
Of your movements.

A Mirror

Sometimes,
Desire urges me
To uproot the words,
And sit upon their corpses
To see the world.
And when
I look into the eyes of my beloved,
I realize
How narrow the universe is,
Narrower than the needle's hole.

Once

Once
I wanted to sing a single song for you,
A joyous one;
The words were the letters of your body,
The melody—
The beat of your boots.

Spaces

More expansive than your footsteps are
Your words.
More expansive than your words is
Your glance.
More expansive than you
You,
Yourself.

Overflow

With two complete hands
You burnt for me
A lonesome candle;
And here I delicately touch your powerful wind,
With a body
Swarming.

A Miracle

Your trees are vague;
Your words
Keep the secret;
Your body,
An idiom of a miracle.

Intensity

Your odor is heard from afar;
Your sun
Hangs down on the night velvet;
You are less intensive than a rose,
Wiser
Than the world.

Thinking

Think well of the non-being;
Think of regret glittering on the footsteps
Of time;
Think of the day and the night,
With their appealingly numerous obsessions;
Think of death stealthily watching us
In all roads we travel through;
But before that,
You ought to think well
Of your heart

That constructs a way towards perpetuity.

Being

You are the gift of the earth;
The truth of the soul;
You are the tree of the world,
Blooming;
You are an utter being
And power.

Diversity

What glory
Is adequate for those beautiful eyes
That
Maintain the world in their eyebrows
And mirror
The diversity of nature?

Wandering

I traveled through all those countries,
Softly touched all deserts;
I took the star a canopy,
And ate with the weeds.
I got naked and filled my stomach
And slept;
I got hungry and ate;

I befriended each widow
And associated stones to stones
With stones.
A thousand woman I loved;
Got astray in pitiless countries,
Talked with trees and winds and silence and hell;
Talked with the words themselves.
I was a star and a house,
A spike and lilies.
I drank but never quenched .
And every time,
Always I returned disastrously exhausted,
And defeated.

Enslavement

This morning reminds me with your face;
This sun with your appearance;
This dew with your tears;
This rose
With your scent;
This night with your hair;
This winter with your warmness;
This bed with your body;
This room with your affection;
This body with your enslavement.

An Ability

Since you are what remained of
My soul,
On the water of your undying blessing,
I slip down to the earth

And face all treasons.
With the glow of your pure eyes,
I extinguish all fires;
With a sudden gentle wind,
I pierce into all veils;
With a single word,
I convert life into a dream,
A dream into life;
I make hell similar to paradise,
Paradise to hell;
In your company,
My time goes right,
And I recover from all the injuries of the spirit.
Since you are what remained of
My soul,
That echoes as a dice between the gardens of astray sin
And the sun of complete innocence,
You are
The source of reality
And truth.

For the sake of all Things

I'll write for the sake of all things;
For the sake of spring
Looking for a flower;
I'll write about the flower
Looking for the glory of Spring;
About the sky and the earth
As they gather their wild rugs
Beneath the rivers of light,
Unassailable;
About the sleeping sun,
About the moon indulged in reflections and gloom,
About the gift of vision that meditates

The stench of the roots,
About the winds writing their sad prayers,
About the dew,
Unconscious in the corners,
About the soul that meditates in tranquility,
About silence yearning for hope,
And wisdom in death,
And rebirth in a live body;
About the soul aspiring for an absolute body;
And about the body
Seeking the essence of the knowing soul;
About the ferocity of love between two trees,
Separated;
About the sky examining oblivion;
About the vague destiny stealthily watching a fish,
Astray;
About the dusty bow surmounted with melodies.

Procession

Let's proceed
You and I, without hurry,
Towards our certain desires,
Towards our utter purity.
Nothing panics us;
Nothing makes us more humanized than what we are,
Neither hope
Nor desolation.
Longer than anything else we will stay alive;
Longer than the light itself,
And the confidant river;
Longer than the whining tree of life,
Than the well of water.
Let all this existence go to you;
Let all those skies, so wide and vast,

Be a road for your gleaming feet;
Let all this song be woven by your hands,
Your faultless hands;
Let this discourse of pure silver
And pure gold
Be hanged up around your unbending neck;
Your body
Is like an alabaster statue
So full of life.

Celebration

Together we'll celebrate
The songs pulled out from soil and thorns;
The songs we made of affectionate agonies,
And subjugating compassion.
You
The creator of all desires,
Let these towers go high
To announce our luminous parade;
Our parade,
Tempestuous like a blaze,
Thunderous
Like volcanoes,
Under those lined up stars,
And beneath that moon, wakeful
And half-eyed.

To Be

Be like this flower
Calm,

And beautiful;
Be like this moon,
Gracious and simple;
Serenely, sleep beside me;
Be
Like a confidant butterfly
With a thousand eyes.

Glowing

Let's stare well at the sleeping beauty and
The subjugating peacefulness;
The peacefulness of the absolute soul,
Of thirsting earth.
I'll make for you an absolute tree
From absolute blessing and love;
And pass my astray hands on your body
Blossoming like a seed,
Giving life to new fruits.

Fierceness

I pass through the last bridge of pure gold
And pious daffodils
To reach your vast wilderness,
And your brutal coasts.
As a pirate,
Making fun of life and death,
I throw my helmets, worn out,
Towards the dying birds of the air,
I like wakefulness;
With insatiable eyes,

And a mouth,
So hungry
I eat up your moist fruit,
And hear your womanly whispers
And the wild talk of your body.
What a tree yours is!
Traveling so deep
Towards the roots,
With peace
And warmth.
What hands yours are!
Garlanded with absolute wisdom,
And candid knowledge.

A Forest

Like a distressed tune;
Like a life,
Unjustified;
Like years exposed to damage;
Like a time besieged with loss and gloom;
Like a colossal bubble with strong sails that belong to
The giant ships of God
Navigating in the cosmic oceans,
Perpetually,
Under a sky with no fans
Like prayers without a single
Mercy;
Like numerous agonies clinging at the oyster
Of the soul;
Like deserts packed up with
Wild beasts,
You are
An intersected forest.

Reflections

In love
Knowledge has no existence;
Only,
There is unconscious motion...
And when I reflect about the world,
I find it no offence
To scrutinize you.
Ah, words
Those words that know nothing about love,
How could they write about it?
In time,
Motion stands against death.

Night's Couch

... And thus
I sit down on the night's infernal couch,
And the day's big fish opening her mouth up;
-And on the other shore
There are countless solid stones-
Darkness is a blind sailor,
And solitude a damaging old age;
There stands the moon with his gray
Eyes,
Spitting out its intense vapour,
And sitting down.
Ah,
This city has departed for ever;
And there death with its giant shovels
Viciously watches

My stones declining.

Because You

Because you
In all that you write and still write,
Endeavor to imitate the trees
Therefore,...
You'll die standing upright in the winds.
Doesn't this tempest have an ending?!
Doesn't this world have fingers?!

Who's that Lady?

Who's that Lady knocking on the doors of the heart,
At night,
And each time he tries to forget,
Or play,
Chasing him in all roads
And taking off, for him,
Her veils?

A Chase

Why,
When I go anywhere
On earth,
I find you, there,
Waiting for me?

Construction

On your arms,
I built up my winds,
And constructed my kingdom
Above your trunk.

Illusions

Why do
I always remember that lady?
Is it because she has the height of flowers?
And the grapes of dew?

The Way

In time,
Motion is opposed to death;
And death becomes
The only way
Towards love.

Feeling

The stones..!!

Even the stones themselves become delicately soft
When
You tread on them.

Perfection

The heart
Speaks not,
And knows not questions,
Only it goes instantly towards
The meaning—
Isn't this perfect love?

Amorousness

There is a long dialogue
Between death
And life;
Only time breaks it.

Littleness

In the fingers' touch there is
What suffices discovering the world;
And in the eyes' glance there is
What suffices uncovering its treasures.
As for the body
That is a hell I dare not stealing into it,
Or even rotating around it.

Wisdom

The heart
Is the essence
Of good
And evil.

Transparency

Your joyous soul,
Your donating soul,
Knows also
How to listen to stones.

Vegetation

Here you are, gazing at the world;
And your soul is
A tree.

A Bless

In all the roads you travel through,
Stones grow up behind you,
And dust turns around.

Reflection

Your eyes
Reflect your soul.

A River

You, lady
A tree of dew
How many wells do open up underneath your feet?
As you wander
-On roads-
Nothing emerges in your vast deserts,
Except flowers
And death!!

Perpetuity

Your sun
Clutching at the sky,
All alone,
Sleeps unclothed,
Under the dome of your body.

Pertaining

Even
In the burning shade,
We'll pertain to what is precious—
The dew.

Thirst

Your eye—
A drop of water flowing up
From a well
So deep.

Turning around

When
You were passing by,
My heart walked behind you,
Leaving me
Astray.

Disability

In the touch of your fingers,
There is an air looking like womanliness,
Exactly.
Even though
Language opens not her mouth.

Abandonment

When you departed
I cried:
Why have you abandoned me,
God?

In Blaze

Your nose only
Constructs a continent of aroma;
You, gorgeous flower,
What have you prepared for the winter,
Except your warmness?
Your voice reflects an overwhelming desire,
Despite your never-stop disputes with me.
Ah,
If only you touch my hand,
The whole cosmos will be in blaze.

Storage

Your sun—
A sign of lust at storage.

An evidence

Motion
Rebels against time.
Because you are infinity
No
Your sculptor was not unsighted.

Roses

Even your roses that I planted
In the nasty storm,
Are still in full self-confidence;
If only you could pass near this low sky
So that I can see you.

Resemblance

From your amber lips,
Words flow
Tenderly
Like summer mulberries.

A Report

Woman herself –
The eye of blessing.

Obsession

I know
You are obsessed by God,
And God Himself is obsessed by you,
Unreservedly;
I, between you and Him, am
A tormented stone.

The Earth

The earth we tread on,
Vigilantly
Is no more soundless,
At least,
Than the beatings of our hearts.

Breeding

The universe builds for you
A rubber window so that you can watch
How the day breeds from the night,
And the night
From the day.

Visualization

He

Listens to the singing of that tree;
He sees the speech of that earth;
I know
I know
That is his only evidence.

Abstraction

For two lips,
Full-grown,
I lit a single candle,
An sat
In the shade of their nudity.

A Testimony

While
My hair falls down on my body,
I realize
The world
Is a fantasy.

Glory

Your years,
That you vigilantly watch,
Could become a field of stars for me;
And when
You allow no body to stealthily watch you,

You let the prevailing morning sun
Bathe you.

Nature

Your organs—
A forest.

Contemplation

So many times,
I pause before your immeasurable words,
And see your real grandeur
With faith,
Absolute.

Vagueness

No way is there for time
To regulate his beat
Except with your breathing.
Your body
Gambles, plans, and contrives, but
Never defeated.
Ah, your idea about the sun is
So vague.

Another Eternity

Why
Do I always dream of eternity,
And you
Are laying beside me?

Adam's Song

[Song of the Fifth Day]

(1)

O tarnished, ringing soul
Like a cymbal;
Desolated like a tomb;
Inhabited by so many astray dogs
And wild cats of the air.
Ah, my soul
Slipping into deviation
And guilt
O soul that never works
Without solid nooses
Or special knives;
What about faith accompanied with heresy?
What about a soul,
So threatening?!!

(2)

From these shores of oblivion,
I will emerge;
And restore solitude from its alabaster;
I will work with astray hands
And a heart,
Fruitless;
I'll enthrone myself a king over devastating anarchy
And obliterated faith.

(3)

With no

Single conviction,
I stretch my feet into bottomless space,
And fiercely sway between hope and despair;
Seeking no compromise,
I hold recurrent deals with remnants and defeats;
And murmur to myself
By myself;
I look for the sky on earth
For the earth in sky;
And fill up my lungs with the air of absolute vacuum.
I'll stare too long into the depths of despair;
I'm the creature
Full of inconsistencies and harmonies,
In the meantime;
I am the creature who dissolves everything,
And assembles everything to myself.
Those are, then, the skeletons of mine, that I know
And know not;
I'll gather them one
By one
And toy with them on sofas,
And on feral beds;
I make a shade
Over my head.

(4)

I am the king of absolute despair
And remote anguish;
I am drowsy wakefulness,
And sleep continually indulged in wakefulness
Oh,
For that anarchy emerging from all sides
And for oblivion dominating all directions
Oh,

For time, shattered, and
For the minutes that lost wisdom;
Ah, for the hours that do not recognize despair,
But never justifies hope;
For years with no absolute reverberation,
Or even a single sense of amazement.
Life has no more meaning;
Spirit, no more involved.
How long will I be amongst you, but voiceless?
How long will I be amongst you, but unable to speak?
Other ships will come
Outgoing harbors will make preparations to cordially
Receive me.

(5)

Overwhelming seas yearn for my tinned greetings,
And wish if I could pause on their springy bottoms,
To contemplate the sky,
As they shrink and swell like a huge tent of God's.
Utter galaxies sit down with me on pavements,
And eat crusts of my dry bread,
Drink bitter tea with me.
How low these skies are!
How far this earth is!
Oh, tempting azure
Take me,
Embrace me,
I'm terrified and cold in
Pure hell;
Oh, heaven
Release me from my legends that never hurt me,
From my interminable superstitions
And from my illusions that never sleep.

(6)

Who said
God is only a Word?
Or is only 'Being'?
What does 'Word' mean?
What meaning have life and death?
What about time from whose fingernails
Blood streams?
Oh,
My dust,
Expanding...!!

(7)

All seas flow from my soul;
All oceans bathe under my feet,
And sleep beneath my sails;
On my pillows,
Day and night combat with each other;
Light fights against darkness
Over my body,
-Laden with treasons and stones-
All continents arrive to make peace with seductive nature,
And rearrange their geographies.
Who am I?!
What am I doing in this gloomy solitude?!
What am I doing with all this tedious life?
Vague,
Everything is vague in this globe...!!
Labyrinth after labyrinth,
No salvation at hand.

(8)

O great Ocean
Take me
To your space, so vast like my distressed soul,
And cheated, tattered self.
My soul is damaged;
The rivers of my body are damaged, too;
My throat is dried up.
A heap of dirt I have become;
My pebbles are disastrously deep;
My sun has no faith.
I am the last mass in the kingdom of nothingness;
I am the remorse knowing no mercy,
And mercy never knowing its own way
Towards the earth.
I am the great clown in the kingdom of the cosmic circus.
I am the jutting stone
On the slope of every hill;
The circus player, unarmed and chased,
On the fire string extending from beginning to end;
I am the cloud evaporated
In the pants of mathematics.

(9)

Let me vanish,
O sea,
Enveloped in blurred darkness
And lilies of remorse.
Perish, O treacherous light!

I have no existence in your presence-
Neither behind nor before you.
I crave to wet my parched lips
With the dust of truth
And the air of Being,
Tinted with the blood
Of victims...
I crave to go closer, and closer to the bubbles of sex,
And to the formations of the absolute body.

(10)

O, perpetuity of the undying soul,
My feet pass over the far beginning and the far future
In a single moment.
I'll decompose language like mustard seeds;
And pour letters
On the roads
-Like astray creatures-
And leave connotations in the space
Until they dry up
Or die
With no real meaning for anything,
For everything.

(11)

I am hanged up
Like a booming scandal;
Crucified like a sin with a thousand head.
Bewildered are
My feet;

And never determine which way to go.
For what I am looking, and I am
Abandoned, in this sterile universe?
Nothing
Nothing happens under the this low sky;
Nothing new under this smoldering sun.
Even absolute knowledge
And absolute faith;
Even the prevailing peace.
Nothing has existence;
I am forsaken in this globe,
With no solace in heart.

(12)

I drink from all springs, but never slaked.
I sit beneath all trees,
But never feel the shade.
I descend into the bottom of all seas
But never wet;
I walk on the sands of the beach
But never glimpse the sea.
I pierce into the heart of hostile darkness,
But never seize a single star.
- Now eat,
And drink
You, worms browsing in my body
And crumbling in my memory;
And fall down upon
My coasts
In peace.

(13)

Rest well
You, wild overwhelming worms
On my fragile soul,
That soul which glitters like a hollow fish
In a legendary sky
With a thousand eyes!
O worms that graze desolation
-On these infernal coasts of despair
And laugh loudly there, for ever;
No way back
I'm a vanishing man
And it is unpreventable.

(14)

Who could save peace in my self,
Full of cracks and doubts?
Who could pat the buttocks of my soul,
Scorched like laughing deserts?
Oh
For lightening and thunder tightly holding me,
And never release me until I am
A rotten corpse,
Among relics,
And the stern pains of despair?

(15)

I am the dissonant tune of nature
And its hollow, formless organ;

Our years are devoid of any mercy
Our life with no single faith goes;
Our words are waste,
Nothing but waste.
Oh, for the salvation of my soul
And for my soul,
Crushed like wild nightmares.
Be dressed in black
You, earth
Pregnant with dead bodies
And animosities.
I lose all desire in deliverance
As I lose all desire in true faith.

(16)

I wrap up myself under my cold canopies
And dissolve;
I hear the whistling of my soul burning.
Who has thrown me in this dulled maze?!
Who has pushed me towards this spot of the bridge?
Who will lead me- at last- to the home?
The home of my father,
-Where there are bowls and wine-
I am crowned with losses
And frustration;
I am filled with uncertainty
To the core.
I will leave with no beginning,
And ask without
Hope
No faith have I to rely on.

(17)

I know the salvation of my lonesome soul;
I'll blow up like a balloon
Packed with failure
And thousands of electric wires,
Intermingled;
I'll fill myself with nothingness,
And sleep like a bottle
Hidden
At the foot of some hill.
Perhaps
I'll paint your contaminated air with black,
As you paint my soul,
Wretched with anguish.

(18)

What fruit shall I eat?
I am the eternally hungry for manna and solace.
I shall have myself locked up;
I shall roll the sea with my nostrils,
And play with the earth,
As if it were a dice,
Until I have passed through capes.
I am plagued with collapses and cracks
Always
I am the eternal traveler towards the void;
I have no friends;
I carry over my shoulders all the distresses of humanity;
And I have no company;
I committed all sins
Intentionally
And unintentionally;

I always shelter under my arms
The aging birds of indifference;
I settled myself on the frivolous mountain of sin;
I, from the beginning of life,
Laugh at agony to the last breath,
And from death to the brink of pain;
I always stop at every street
To count its fantasies and illusions;
I am empty of all wisdom,
Devoid of all will.

(19)

I continually return from hell;
I emerge from all battles without a single weapon,
I carry on my shoulders
All defeats.
Nobody salutes me;
Nobody has real faith in me;
No sign of glory have I, to hang on my chest,
Nothing have I except a depleted
Memory
For an overthrown king
Whose medals represent a whole age of
Lies and cinematic devices;
Images of all losses and remorse are imprinted
On my body;
I shall not permit your air,
Polluted with hatred and rancor
To steal into my life;
I have been banished from your aged roads
Wherein there are only smells of utter rottenness,
And your wastes scattered on streets like pitfalls and holes
-Extending to the borders of deserts-
As if I were a tarnished crime.

To the thorny paradise, I shall make with my hands
And will be inhabited only by me;
I am eternally chased
Like a pile of mire
And dirt.
A single piece of my endless bitterness
Is enough for six worlds
Like this.

(20)

I shall track the steps of darkness on earth;
I might share the day with it,
-As it shares with me solitude,
And hatred.
With these filthy clothes of mine
I shall lie naked for ever,
Under your skies
Equipped with stars and fantasies;
And I shall roll the ball of the earth
On my foot,
As a player toying with nature
The way he likes.

(21)

I am the son of vertiginous chance,
And blind-folded faith;
I am the son of trembling desire,
And cheated yearning;
My years are
Filled with lust and snakes.

I grind my teeth like a biting insect;
And among winds, I stand
Chewing my vacuum, so grimy as a bitter fruit.
Here I am
Letting my infected soul soften under the feet of passers-by,
And strangers.

(22)

With no target
I pursue my wanderings in the dark;
Disturb up gloom
With my fingernails;
And pierce conscience with my razor-sharp teeth,
I gather back my nets, heaving with desire,
And add to them my waste lands,
And carry them on my busted shoulders.
With no luggage
Except the clatter of my stomach,
I cross the sea
All alone.

(23)

On the wrecked edges of this ridge,
I build up my battered tables.
Who would encircle my head with ashes
And thorns?
Who would plant the tempest of my soul
On the roads of doubt?
Who would hold the madness of my spirit
Exploding all the time to thousands of fragments?

Neither wisdom I possess
Nor will.
Rove,
O the decayed ships in the waters of the seven seas,
And endless oceans,
Cross the time barrier like a fish
So outcast.

(24)

How could I write about what wrathfully howls inside me like a wounded lion? How could I cross those deserts which emerge afar endlessly to me? I spoke only of time fading away like a rash bubble crushed under the feet of passers-by. I am the eternal traveler in deep vacuum, with no doom. Where should I go in this distorted universe, with no compass in hand. My empty ships have no winds to take me up a high mountain and shield me against water. Empty is my sack. In my bag, there are millions of questions. Near my soul astray dogs and cats of the air growl. With enormous brutality, I carry under my arms the mats of my arid days; and lie down with neither weapons nor absolute hope. At the gates of my blind-folded soul, nothingness accumulates endlessly like an army of snakes. I drive away disdainfully and unhurriedly the sharp turtles of death. How could I seize that air lodging in my imagination like bats.

(25)

I am the image of all things;
I am the flower and I am that soul;
I am the absolute being
And absolute
Non-being;

I am the image of truth
And the sternness of salty doubts;
I am the wild desert
And the fierce dew;
I am the charming spell of sleep, and
The nightmares of wakefulness;
And I am ...
The master of contraries
With no rival;
I am the being, inconsistent and consistent
In the meantime.

(26)

Buddha is crying inside me;
In my stomach, vanished civilizations are reborn,
The soul wakes up like bears;
In my words
Zarathustra chants.
I have no knowledge of truth,
Where does truthfulness ends?
Where starts lying?
What are the tricks of logic?
And what is the objective of metaphysics?

(27)

O, my forgotten friends,
Who passed away in the years of silence and patience,
Have peace from the sea,
And peace from the winds and the earth,
Have peace from the world whose eyes are dim,

And from the glowing stars,
Have peace from everything,
From anything.

(28)

I shall point to that spot in the sky;
I shall abandon much of my broken bowl;
I shall toy with sleep and wakefulness the way I like;
And congregate my dispersed nightmares
In a secret bag
Of heresy
And sin;
I shall follow the antennas of the air,
Traveling to continents.

(29)

No single moment dwells this soul;
No single time is empty of pain and sin;
Wherever I go,
In all roads,
I see what I cannot look at,
And hear what I know not.
I leaned upon my shriveled trees
Until they burned down;
I fell towards the vast wilds,
But haven't seized a single certainty.
I engulfed my valleys with water
-Until I was drowned-
But never quenched.
O, for this agony, deafening like a lily;

O for this soul, slaughtered
Like a hill.

(30)

How could I get rid of the stones of my soul,
Overturning?
How could I cry on the mountain of my sullied spirit?
For years,
I have been chasing after my wild fantasies
Like a biting insect
On your tables,
Filled up with the vegetables of the soul,
I cry:
Nothing is reborn anew;
Nothing dies for ever;
What happened,
What is happening,
Everything will happen again.

(31)

I hate metaphysics
I hate the civilization of triangles
And squares,
And the open market economy;
I hate banks and supermarkets,
And the mechanisms of globalization.
I hate mechanics, and everything related to it.
Has mechanics become
An alternate for God?!

(32)

I reject your civilization
Infected with spots of blood and soft ruins;
I reject your intentions, good and bad as well;
I hate your air on roads, tinted
With lies
And fallacies,
Like the corpses of dead rats;
I hate your flasks filled up with serums and tuberculosis;
I hate your hospitals packed up with diseases;
I hate your barren journals
Overflowing with dirt
And bilharziasis;
I hate your naughty songs
And your diseaselike melodies;
I make fun of your insignificant death
And your unprompted life;
I hate the import and the export of your insectlike transactions
Chasing me with each moan,
And sleeping under my pillows like drugs;
Oh
How false you are,
Dogs.

(33)

What significance do all things have?
What happened, will reiterate;
I shall squash time like an insect under my feet;
I shall lean my head always to ruins.
How could I get rid of the stones

Overturning in my soul?
How could I cry in the contaminated hill of my soul?
I am tinned up with innocence
And sin,
No time have I;
Existence is void;
Absurd are life
And death
.... The whole universe is nil!!

(34)

Nothing new under this low sky;
Like everyday
The tree has the same touch,
The same countenance the moon has;
The same galaxy
And the same earth
Will work together
With the machines of gravitation
And rotate
Till the sun goes dim
And darkness falls.
Wandering on roads, I hear nothing but
The howling of astray creatures, like
Giant sardines
Caged in rugged tins;
I look at streets opening up and tightening
Like wombs.
I am the clown of sudden death,
The laugh of ghastly death.

(35)

Like a fish
I splatter on the ground
And bottom;
I meditate
How death is so deep and hilarious;
Nobody grasps;
Nobody feels.
Like a butterfly
Melted
I light up, and extinguish;
I gather hostile gloom in my dry underwear,
And in...
My plastic boots, pile up the abyss like an agony
And pebbles
And throw it to
Garbage.

(36)

Is mind really the essence of all things?
What about the matter
Lively and the dead, as well?
How do I properly scrutinize the teeth of death-
So atrocious,
And be indifferent ?
How do I fully stare
With profound
Eyes
At the bottom,
And be indifferent?
To death
To death
You, hostile darkness;

To death, you, traitor light.
I am the shape of myself
Then, nothing.

(37)

The tempest has become quiet,
And there the ships of the bottom rise.
Night is the trace of the night;
Day is the trace of the day.
With no beginning we come,
With no
Ending, we go.
This is the cycle of all things;
This is the world, and nothing beyond.
Who could stop this infernal wheel?
Who could stop that red mill?
Who could stand against that hellish circle?
Who knows to tell?
Who sees to narrate?
Who could put an end to everything?
And for anything?
Death/ Life/ Sleep/ Wakefulness/ Night/ Day/
Whiteness/ Dark/
Good/ Evil...
Pain/ glee...etc
Where are you going tonight?

(38)

How could I ascend to the sky to see what is there?
How could I count the atoms of the earth,

Without becoming dismayed?
O the antennas of the supreme mist
What is there, beyond the soul and
Death?
How many cycles will we have?
I have been trampled as a cloud, without knowledge.
O, death
Leave
For me
My pants.

(39)

I grip this vast vacuum with my teeth;
And pick up my sunken people out of the waves;
I look for an island,
-So remote-
Thereon I can set up my conventions.
I am the god of the body;
No more significance is there for the truth of this soul;
No more adequate this world is,
To me.
The world is
Debased with treacheries
And pebbles;
I am the wrecked statue of malice.

(40)

How could I clasp, with my fatigued hands, this world, like a bubble;
and in a single move, squash it in my fingers, and throw it away like
garbage; then I sit on the rug of vacuum, singing my last song under

these skies of non-being. No sky to shelter me. No land to enclose me. No hill to defend me against water. No shade in the deserts to lean upon.

(41)

In the heart of intimidating gloom,
I stood and cried:
O my father....
Where are your words whereby you tapped me?
Where is your haven,
So I could stealthily come to you,
In the darkness of the night,
And the muddle of the day?
Where are your words that pursued me
From the day I was born?
-Here I am keeping them austerely in mind-
Why did you do this to me?
No more glory in my hands;
I, the defeated voyager,
The confounded, the ignorant, the blind,
The poor, the bewildered, the betrayed,
The diminutive, the distorted,
The ill-fated.

(42)

With your sanction, fortify me,
God,
I have become frail and dissolved;
Insert your compassionate hand into my pocket,
My bones are softened,

My hair gone gray;
Pull out darkness from my soul;
I am unarmed
Neither bow, nor sword have I;
Wash me in your endless river,
I am utterly debased,
Drowned to death by agony.
Wet my lips with your pure saliva.
Let me not be crushed by hell
And remorse
Hold me to your wings,
I am in wilderness
And frost.

(43)

O God,
Provide me with your utter peace,
I am devoid of knowledge and wisdom;
No language have I to recognize you with;
No arms whereby to fight evil;
Nothing but this pure pain;
No faith except this room of disbelief;
Everything panics me –
Absolute tedium,
Wretched destiny
Absolute knowledge
And peace, imperfect.
I am scared by endless roaming,
And return with no faith;
Scared by supreme paradise
And hell in flame.

(44)

Tears were
My only bread;
Pain was
My retained treasure;
My hands are
Dizzy,
Never resting upon a single matter.
Each day,
I burst like thousands of bubbles,
Never reaching absolute peace of the soul.
Each night,
I conceive my blemished legends,
And have them shattered in hands.
This torment is my supreme wealth;
My bed was
Only a product of hours of
Regret and remorse.

(45)

On thorns, I pass;
Ensnared to the end;
Paralyzed
To the spinal;
Powerless,
With neither will,
Nor destiny;
A single wisdom, I have none.
My eyesight is constrained by the world ;
Vacant is my vision.
Like a burned insect on the ground,
I seem to be;

My feet are drown in filthy mud,
Never standing
Except on the thorny weeds of remorse;
My mornings repeat the same faults;
My days are a handful of waste.
I am preordained with this sin;
This anguish is
The only share of happiness I hold.

(46)

My love ...
Was not true,
But a stabbing spear at heart;
Like a tomb, my life is desolate,
And hollow as laughing deserts.
I am as aged as a tormented horse;
Gone down like a mill.
I hold nothing but
Deviation and regret.
Blurred are my trees, like all suns;
Every morning, I recognize not myself;
Profound and bottomless are the waters of my rivers;
A balloon about to go off is my heart;
My chest – a piece of ice
In hell.
I am as inert as a mountain;
Dry is water in my wells.
Wrecked
All the mirrors I have.

(47)

Each day, I have an affair
Leading to neither manna nor consolation;
I rise among the dead;
Deferred nightmares are my sleep.
Each day,
I count up my endless defeats and frustrations;
Sound are my miseries.
I look at your sunny morning,
Not to smooth down,
But
To pile up my myriad resentment.

(48)

Endow with me with peace,
O God;
Let your heart rise on me,
Like tireless dredging machines;
Let you love enfold me;
Let your supreme peace rise on me.
Ah
From your absolute mercy and inclusive discourse.
Caught up I am in vice
To the marrow;
I seized the sin till I was wounded.
No single truth appears to my eyes.
Gone astray,
Deviated from faultless routes
And spontaneous guilt;
No truth to justify my life.
Depleted is my faith, like an ash;
Confounded my existence.
My supplies are running out,
Fallacious is my soul.

(49)

Never I recognized my soul even once;
I am whose vision is tangled,
And insight dismayed,
Who lives in the truth admitting no doubts;
Drowned in doubt admitting no truth.
Let your hand set down under my years
Besieged with thorns;
Reconstruct me according to your desire;
And hold up my soul;
Let your hand set down under my pillows
Laden up with treasons and pebbles;
Let me walk through your paths
Having neither pure dissent
Nor baffled faith.
Knowledge is hard
Ignorance is annihilating.
All routes are craggy;
High is the mountain itself.
I am a pebble rolling down;
A dissolving drop of water.
Where is your bottomless sea?
No single fish flickers to my eyes;
Where is your bottomless wave?
Where do your endless shores exist?
In what freezing areas
Live your earth untrodden by humans,
Or invaded by knowledge?
I am beat by questions
And uncertainty.

(50)

My land was not docile
Offering no single fruit;
Withered were my trees
Like spears of salt;
My deserts —intersected
Going to all directions.
What can I do?
Where is the route of pure goodness
To go through?
Where is the road of pure evil
To avoid?
I travel in all paths
With neither sanction
Nor hope.

(51)

Because the mind is infinite
And commanding is its word,
Because the soul is flourishing
And rising on earth,
Word existed.

(52)

Word is action;
Word is reason;
Word is the base of action and reason;
And because everything is incomplete

With no perfection,
Everything flows out from word
As light from gloom,
And gloom from the dawn;
Nothing dies
Necessarily;
Everything changes and converts;
And because mind is timeless and
Its word is commanding,
Word existed —
Word that is action;
Word that is reason.

(53)

Light and darkness;
Good and evil;
Action
And non-action;
Matter and emotion;
Perception
And lack of perception;
To exist means to do;
To come close to the reality of action and non-action is
The final goal of existence
And feeling,
Close to the true word
And the true actions.
Who knows the essence of the soul?
Who realizes the profundity of the word?
Who was there to tell?
Who saw to recount?
Everyone is cloaked in gloom,
And gloom is overwhelming.

(54)

I roamed everywhere,
Read everything —
Nature and its suburbs,
The world and what it conceals,
Lust,
Loss of vision;
-Stunned to know that everything is a fallacy-
All in one;
Light in gloom;
Gloom in light;
All are one thing,
Indivisible and inseparable.
Because nature is crippled, sometimes,
And the soul is blind,
Always,
I went off track;
Departure mixed with return,
Return with departure.
All paths are overlapped,
And
Nothing.

(55)

I enquired about each name,
And about the nature of every letter,
But found nothing...
I lost all conviction in myself,
And was filled up with heresy.
I divided in the face of God,

In the face of the world,
I have no single route to go through,
No
Definite goal
To know;
No certainty to hang on ;
No power
Or hope;
All paths are similar to me;
All the paths of God are immeasurable
And rocky.

(56)

I feel the matter and its contrary
In the same moment,
I am visible and invisible in the meantime;
Insight,
Comprehension,
Clarity,
Truth,
Wisdom
Knowledge
The magnificence of things —
Who would hold my eyes, sightless
And unable to work?!!

(57)

All things in motion;
Nothing immobile
Except the non-being.

(58)

I want to review all doctrines;
To feel all things;
To scrutinize all convictions.
How could I make my body grasp,
And my soul feel?
I am the immobile
And the mobile in the meantime;
Adequate for neither action
Nor understanding
In the same moment;
I have no power to sit down and contemplate.

(59)

I have no power to be related to this truth of grass,
This is the true reality of everything
-All rivers flow into the sea,
But the river is not full-
My body is larger than my soul;
My soul is larger than the world;
My body is the edges of language,
The edges of the world.
Ah, my soul
Related to nobody
And only contains my body.
I want to lie down,
To sleep,
To dream and meditate.

(60)

What is the true essence of things?
What actually happens?
Comprehension
But no insight;
Knowledge
But no hope;
The body in the shape,
The shape in energy;
Shape
And energy
Are all that is there.

(61)

The Infinite
Never receives from the finite;
The finite never takes from the infinite;
-All rivers flow into the sea
And the sea is not full-
What wisdom is there in death?
What reality in sempiternal beginning?
And sempiternal end?
The beginning
And the end
All the same.

(62)

And since we all
Seek integrity, whether now or later,
Affected only by what is unending and divine,
We walk on streets bedecked with ache,
Picking out malevolence as we practice integrity;
-And as we pick out blooming blackberry-
We reap atonement with our fingertips
Flowing with blood.
These thorns are our daily food;
No bread
No wine
Empty is the bowl,
Water takes the shape of the bowl;
And here we are walking in the labyrinth
With excessively long
Feet.

(63)

We commit evil
Because we know not the path of absolute good;
We look for absolute good
Because we are fed up with all the routes of evil.
Good
And evil are
Intermingled;
Neither absolute good
Nor absolute evil
Has existence of its own.

(64)

Reason exists in God,
Man has to grasp the reality of his own existence;
Reason discards pain,
And pain discards
Feeling
And reason.
Our interior powers will not crumble;
Our eyes will not soothe;
This corruption is beyond comprehension;
Vision is superior to knowledge;
Knowledge is father than
The reality of revelation.

(65)

How could I tread on this air mounting up
Under my feet like a heap?
I walk, but no motion;
I stand up but no action.
Who would share me the desire of acting
And understanding?
Who would share me hope
In knowledge
And feeling?
There it is, the gardens of the dead
Ascending!!

(67)

I went into all directions

And never returned;
I pierced into the mountain caves
And never entered or got out;
I reaped every astray light
And never saw;
I mounted up to the wrists of the horizon
And never saw.
Nothing happens...
What has happened will happen again;
As if pens stopped writing
And books
In print appeared.

(68)

Here I am laying on the mat of imagination
For ever;
I am delusion blended with truth,
And truth blended with laying delusion;
Moving,
But with no feeling of motion;
All I realize is tediousness,
Never I reach death;
Never I approach the essence of life;
What I see in wakefulness appears to me in sleep;
Nothing stays the same;
Life counters death;
Non-being is the indisputable master of truth;
Being itself is a fantasy;
The world is mere illusion.
Nothing lasts for ever;
My existence fades away;
My body dissolves;
And here it is the soul
Invading.

(69)

What would I do with all this nothingness
Piling up?
What would I do with all this void
Brimming up?
Light darkens away;
I whistle in wilderness
To dismiss all the nightmares
Away from my soul, trembling.
I sit down on hostile sidewalks
Toying with a running cloud.
How could I gather all these high skies
Into my pocket,
And reflect upon oblivion?
Ah,
You rotten fruit of despair,
Tomorrow...
The intimidating gloom will arrive
To swallow me...
While I loudly laugh,
Like ashes.

(70)

I lay on sidewalks, extending my arms,
-Breathing the air of poisonous solitude-
That made me insane,
As it lays beside me,
And sleeps like a she-wolf under my lungs.
It is this solitude

The nutty, the knowing, the guiding,
The righteous, the gutless, the barren,
The frail, The grimy, the feeble,
The ruined,
The bare,
The seductive, the aged,
The resounding, the deafening.
What is time
While solitude is bird, so mute?!

(71)

What is truth?
It is neither comprehension
Nor perception,
Nor hope,
Nor despair.
Comprehension and truth and perception—
All are pointless.
Like a blind seaman
I hang on a sunken
Stick.

(72)

I have read all philosophers,
But no single insight;
Philosophy is paradoxical in essence;
Wisdom is all the time missing.
It is a myth;
Everything is a myth —
A handful of wind.

Here are the stones of the skies
Falling upon me,
But I have no power to left up the vestiges;
Always
Deep darkness bares me.
Here are spiders as giant as the skies,
And the earth is turning around my lungs,
Waiting eagerly for my faults.
No more I hear anything except
The overturning of my frittered soul.
Some blinding nightmares take me out
Of this compassionate gloom;
And there the dawn,
Wet with treacheries,
Is viciously watching me.
Who could defend me against this abyss
Emerging.

(73)

After all, I continue toying with white and black,
And I scatter in all regions
Without catching a single cloud, astray.
On my bed
Agony fights with
Solitude;
I have no moon –except oblivion- to steal in
Through subjugating gloom.
I have no power to comprehend;
I have no time, in the first place;
I only have my mouth holding
All that is good and evil;
I only have my ailing hands that
Travel into darkness
And only seize

The sawdust of remorse
And losses.
I am lonesome, and may be
I feel sorry for this universe...!

(74)

Everyday
I walk staring into nothingness;
There it is the trees of un-being lined up
At the edges,
From all sides furtively watch.
I am activity and inactivity.
Ah
You – the conviction of the blind
What is the meaning of love and death?
Of being and un-being?
And why things happened that way?
The beginning is similar to the end;
Rise is the always sign of fall ;
Each rise is the beginning of another fall;
-And as everything has a beginning,
Has an end, too-
It is the same cycle
Repeating and piling up
Always
Through
Time.

(75)

Al-Sahrordy is like Christ;

Nietzsche is like Buddha
Al-Hallaj meets with Biblatis—
Word is the same,
But actions are different!!
The routes of God are countless and rugged;
Nobody cries,
Nobody knows to tell.

(76)

In my memory, all towns heap up
Endlessly;
I commit countless follies,
Emerging from one street to another,
Aimlessly;
I ask the same questions,
Receiving the same rotten answers of the soul.
The clouds of the soul are too many,
And nobody hears;
Rusty are my lamps;
The trains of the soul
Are inoperative.
Each day,
I go through an experience,
With neither manna nor solace—
Why do you do this to me,
God?

(77)

O God
My God

Why did you split me?
Is there any exit for this dilemma?
What a meaning is for this world
Rolling and piling up
Incessantly?
What a meaning is there in the night chasing the day?
And the day chasing the night?
What does the utter paralysis of the soul mean?
What total aging means for this body?
What about the fatigue of my hands?
And what is the real job of all this day?

(78)

What is the meaning of all these futile wars?
What is the goal of history?
What purpose is in all these resounding massacres?
Did you commit evil?
Did you review the absolute sin of the soul?
Did you,
When you chose the utter good,
Weigh up the utter evil?

(79)

Years are fleeting with no definite goal;
Where is faith,
What is its essence?
No more can the soul see;
Unsighted are my feet!!
Vacant is the heart,
Hostile is the soul.

How could I melt this high gloom away,
Piling around my swarming soul?

(80)

I am the well of thirst
Filled up with nonsense;
I am an ill-fated shell;
Heaving with pettiness up to the spinal;
I am the utter absence of the body in
The infinity of the fleeting soul,
And the absence of the absolute soul in
The eternity of the brutal body.
I stare into the abyss,
Only the echo of the bottom returns;
I dust my body off,
Smelling only the scent of the dead.
Let peace rise upon my spirit;
Let blessings fall on
The stones of my soul.
I am the tree of the total labyrinth
That vibrates, and lasts for ever.
I lean darkness upon my back,
And start my violent whistling in the vast wilds;
Nobody around;
In my company dwells the bird of oblivion.
No glory I do possess;
On my lips
Streams the movable seat of nothingness;
And nobody understands.

((81))

I am the questions seeking the answers of
The aging soul;
How would I convey the thirst of my spirit?
How would I write about the faith of my soul
Decomposing?
I am the tree of oblivion
Drowned in solitude;
I am the blind certainty of sideways.

(82)

Where are you, father?
Why did you do this to me?
I am the astray whom you lost;
The rash wisdom you estimated;
I am the dry tree
You burned
Or exterminated...
I am your only river that you never crossed;
Your tart fruit that you vomited;
I am your vast deserts of immense salt
That you could not imagine;
Why did you do this to me?

(83)

I am the eternal passerby in the deep void;
Drowned in delusion and frivolity;
The holder of utter heresy;
And the deeply rooted creature in the non-being,
With no salvation;

I clench with my astray
Hands
The flare of despair;
I am the eternal stranger,
The one who always returns from hell
With songs looking like
Shit;
I am the semen leavening in plastic tubes,
The nylon bags,
And the refrigerators of governmental offices
In the meantime.
What is my real provision in this farce;
Ah
How long the voyage is!
How short the food!!

(84)

How it all happened?
No more I can remember;
It was dark,
And God was standing like an ash,
On the surface of the flux.
I keep in mind everything;
I read each name,
Each letter;
I wrote down the names of every river;
I knew the meaning of
Every color;
Rivers, seas, trees, rains, mountains, and oceans
-I was so close to God;
He was close to me, as well-
I counted up all the stars;
And stole into all sites;
Traveled into the pathways of the soul,

And dissolved.
The past is meaningless;
With no certainty the present is.
Time is nothing;
Motion is everything.

(85)

When will this barren soul stirring inside me
Like an insect with knives,
Settle down?
How could I arrest my flooding void?
And my mounting despair?
Why does death always gaze at my face?
And smell my lungs?
And stroke my forehead?
And secretly watch me as if I were an offering animal?
And sleep under the tip of my nose,
Moving his wooden tails before my eyes?
O the soul howling like bears;
O the skies that scream
Like victims!!
Why does smoke soar so high,
And flames reach the dome?

(86)

I will relive my night melancholies;
And count up my innumerable failures;
I am the tree of loose slumber;
The garden of the dead,
So steep;

I am the ball of unsighted soul;
And the air of remorse startled by nothingness;
I am the alien time sweeping everything;
I am the eternal guest of Hell;
Clenching the stones of the soul
Fenced with myths
And meaninglessness.

(87)

Make a cymbal from the wind to me
So I can sing;
Bring for me
Incense from areas far off, so I can
Beat the drums of the horizon
With my fingers.
With my many trumpets,
I will hear the squander of my soul.
Here it is the trees listening
And the pipe of the wind howling.
I want to hear the night songs flowing;
And like a jutting stone on a mountain,
Stand to watch my losses that are not in jeopardy.
Under skies with claws,
I will lull my feet
-In the deep void -
Nobody will see or hear.
I will beat my drums the whole night,
Till the beginning of the day;
And nobody will hear.
If anybody has an eye,
Let him see;
If anybody has an ear,
Let him hear;
This is the finale of the whole issue.

(88)

Let's unite with the sky and the earth,
With the unconquered bless of the light,
With the reality
Of our existence on earth
-In the world-
Let's unite
With every meaningful thing,
With trees and hills,
With pebbles and sands,
With thirst and the drop of water,
With blessing
And the misery of hope.
Let's unite...
With our astray years
And frozen rivers.
You, the pure seed of the night,
And the sun of the damp Spring,
The words we pronounce through absolute desire
And vague longing
Stop through the stations of utter anguish
And agonizing faith,
To discolor the night with familiarity.
Let's create the day from wisdom,
And good knowledge.
Birth might mean the death of something else;
Death might mean the birth of another life.
What object is for this light?
What rationale for the dark?
Let's unite
With every meaningful thing,
With hope and despair,
With truth and death,

With night
And day;
And you
O Lady
The maker of blistering desires
And undefeated rivers,
The absolute gift
And absolute faith
Even the fingertips are crammed with
Lust.

(89)

Looking for the definite desire,
Looking for the budding hope,
Looking for the bitter peace,
Looking for the eternal light
And the seductive darkness
With the converted paths of the soul
On the cymbal of the coarse matter;
Where shall we go?
O, ship of the wind,
Where shall you take us?
I am distrustful of all springs;
I am frightened by the morning star
That never rises.

(90)

No knowledge have I;
I know not
What true life is,

Nor the shape of the world.
What is this "absolute weightlessness of that intolerable being"?
Where does absolute evil lie?
What is the object of pure good?
And what is the last goal of evil?
Nothing there;
Many things will occur;
Many facts will alter.
Knowledge is a hindrance;
The paths of God are incalculable and uneven;
Insight is
Far beyond the mind.

(91)

All routes are analogous;
The hand that grows wisdom
Knows how to harvest pain, too.
The beginning here
Might mean an end there;
And the end here, a beginning somewhere else.
What is true certainty?
True action?
And what is the reality of the mind?
What does virtue mean?
Honor?
Mercy?
What is the purpose of devoutness?
Where are the courses of perfect integrity?
And real peace?
What do good and evil mean?
-The matter is more obscure than it appears-
Neither perception nor knowledge—
Accident is the law for everything.

(92)

Where might have gone all those –
Christ and Boletus
Buddha
Zarathustras?
Will has no country;
Perception has no preceding truth;
Stones shore up each other;
Streets flee from the window.
Motion, but no real proceeding;
There exists neither purpose nor hope.
Things have lost their wisdom.
The lung goes up
And down
Like a sponge;
The air is sour
Like a memory.

(93)

O, high buildings
Like caps averting air and light;
O walls of cement and lead
Like a clot-
Will the flood come?
What ship could carry this world
Between its hellish lungs?
What boats could cross these seas,
Lined up like colossal octopuses
With claws?!
Why did my eyes lose sight?

And my ears can no more hear?
Or talk?
Why did my hands lose the power of both action
And inaction?
O Disaster,
Be merciful.

(94)

With no pure desire my life is;
I am devoid of belief and doubt;
Drain of insight and will;
Predestined always by
Limitations and
Collapse.
O, ship of the dead,
Where are you taking us?
Where might all those years have gone?
How would I drive all the pebbles away from my hands?
I am a stone....
My life is a squander.
I look at life
With a thousand eyes,
Like a seal,
Sneeringly
And mournfully, too.
A bitter air in my mouth
And arid cats;
Viciously, pain streams under my feet,
Despite being unarmed.

(95)

I show great resistance
In the deep void;
And smoke my cigarettes loaded with lobster that faded
Long away;
I roll like a flawed balloon on roads;
Leaning at my desolate days
Like a pile of dirt and dust.
Larger than me my wastes are;
Larger than the bareness of my soul,
My despair.
How would I climb these high skies,
To sit down with the moon
As two orphaned friends?
And over the mat of these clouds,
Meditate the space
With wounded eyes.

(96)

With no target;
With no hope, either;
With no self-deception;
Or lusts;
With no need of rationale,
Or the wisdom of the body;
With no single truth;
Or even counterfeit hope;
An unsighted sailor is darkness;
The day
An early aging.

(97)

Time returns;
Shadow falls on shadow;
Water on water flows;
Who is that able to say everything?
Who is that capable of action and inaction?
To forgetfulness, we all go,
With no single peace in the soul;
With no real knowledge
Or a single mercy;
As if the spirit has gone astray.

(98)

What ends will start again;
What starts, will soon end;
In the world
All fall into time;
And in time
All fall into gloom.
Certainty and the disintegration of certainty,
Hope,
Despair,
From death to birth,
And from birth to death –
Everything reiterates
Endlessly.

(99)

Death threatens;

No single desire exists;
Dried out is light;
A sightless sailor the day is;
No leaf stirs,
No branch moves;
Life changes not;
From ashes a sun is never reborn.
A blurred faith comes from the earth;
While the whole world
Rotates.

(100)

Time is motion
-From back to front
And from front to back-
The present might mean the past;
The past is but an image of the present.
Into time
All fall.
Where would we proceed?
What a pity!
Most of the time has vanished;
Man has no insight;
No will is for human beings.
Astray, wisdom has gone;
Salvation has lost its own being.

On The Essence of Being

O, Eternity

For your resonance that emerges brimming up with melancholy. For your sun— the storm that steadily continues. Your almighty glow will shine upon the four winds. Your moon will descend to where I be, and will know the route to my wilderness. When the night sneaks under my windows, I will hide this star, so lonely, for you. Your ships upcoming from all regions will lay anchor at my seashores. Your suns that shine from distant spaces shall recognize me, sometimes. Your days, so countless, shall roam freely before my home. Your body, that shines upon the four winds, shall be colonized by my farthest realms. I will tell you, then, O eternity, that you are the only haven for me.

Mohammad Adam

Part I

Passions

Closeness

I continue toying with whiteness and blackness,
And come into the vicinity of eternity,
Attended by nobody.

I only

Hear the overturning of stones and the whisperings of the wind.

When galaxies run into galaxies

I compactly cling to my fantasies,

And go nowhere.

This is how,

I assert I am the master of time;

And pierce into the placenta of life and death.

I, once again, go into the womb of things,

Restart the cycle of the farthest cosmos.

Ah

How many times I have been extinguished?

How many times?

An Attempt

He will steal into his house at the beginning of the night,

Here he is,

Writing his manuscripts, letter by letter,

Word by word,

And maybe point by point.

He will slumber before his inkpot as light softens;

Maybe,
He will kneel down before the last letter he seeks out,
And pray before the first letter he aspires to be.
Maybe, he will modify the position of the world,
By setting death before life,
He may question the essence of life and death;
What might he say?!!
What sky he wants to attain?
What body he tends to escort him?
Is he still looking for the oysters of the body,
And its shells,
As he is rapt in his roving on pathways,
Attempting to write down the wind?
Clinging to the velvet of light,
Winking with symbol to sigh,
Speaking to sign with symbol?

Being

What time will the master enter this narcissus garden,
And smolder with the grace of desire?
What time will he write on the margins of the body
"Here lies the eternity oh the soul"?
Will he conceal the sun among his inkpots and papers,
Until some woman comes?
Or will he maintain the contours and curves of the moon
Under the roof of his house?
Will he hold the doctrines and conventions of the night
As well as the tunes of the day?
Will he preserve the sky like mummies,
Knitting it with linen round his waist?
Or putting them under his head?
Maybe,
He will pin it down on his jersey
Like a treachery.
Does he have another being called desire?

What is the shape of his primordial matter, then?

Familiarity

Thus,
He was intimate with time,
Making love to dust.
His sun inclined to amaze the night;
Her sun is his fire.
His day escorts him towards his muddles;
Her day is a garden.
His speech is letters, the stars, and the pebbles.
Hers
The sea with no ending.
His body is
Fire, water, air and dust.
Hers
The truth.

Other Skies

I shall divulge other skies and valleys
At night.
I shall invite the day to my banquets,
The stars to my feasts.
I shall sit all alone in corners,
And catch her green moon with my fishhook;
And I go into the sea.
Do you have any shells, then?
Your name piles up on the froth, so infinite, like pearls;
And the moon claims poor memory.
I shall forget the so-called night
On your vessels that float away from magnitude.
I shall forget the so-called day

As well.

Quietness

Maybe
He will cool down a little,
But will he think about the morning and its tricks,
Will he decode the mysteries of Al-Hallaj?
What will he say to Al-Nifery if he turns up?
There he is,
Coming close to the language of Al-Sahraowardy,
Murdered with caution and alertness.
Will he measure the distance between the top of his nose
And the confines of vision,
With the line of a tailor?
Maybe,
It was all his fantasies.

Windows of the Night

I open up onto the windows of the night,
And the day,
And gather my pads and chasms;
I lie down beneath the trees of solitude
To warm up with my inkpots,
And papers.
I shall draw the face of some woman
With my fears bristled with sand and dust;
And heap, behind her,
My contours shining with longing and desire,
And pile up my ever-falling sun.
On her buttocks, shuddering like a pearl,
I shall vibrate with lust.

Under the sky of her armpits,
I shall set up my tent,
And discard the muddle of question and reply.
Here I am,
Hunting her last night moon,
And travel towards my chasms.
Your intimate sun will rise on the burning peaks of my hills,
And ascend over my slopes.

The Point of the Circle

He will say to himself, then:
Is the adjective principally concerned with the object,
More than it is with the process of description itself?
Or is it more concerned with itself than with the object?
Opposites or pairs?
Contraries or.....?
Water,
Fire,
Dust,
And air,
Four elements,
So, why do they split like that inside you?
Why merge?
Which one is earlier in existence than the other?
Do questions burn you up?
Why, then, you always stare into the sun?
Then
If you identify him,
He is not himself.
If he recognizes you not,
You are not yourself.
He is for himself; not for you
You, for yourself,
And for him.

You are attached to him as long as he is attached to you.
The absolute circle is attached to the point;
The absolute point with the circle,
How dare you, then, forget?

O, Eternity

For your resonance,
That emerges brimming up with melancholy.
For your sun—
The storm that steadily progresses.
Your almighty glow, O Holy Lady,
Will shine upon the four winds.
Your moon will descend to where I be,
And will know the route to my wilds.
When the night sneaks under my windows,
I will hide this star, so lonely,
For you.
Your ships
Upcoming from all regions will lay anchor at my seashores.
Your suns that shine from distant spaces shall recognize me,
Sometimes.
Your days, so countless, shall roam freely before my home.
Your body, that rises upon the four winds,
Shall be colonized by my farthest realms.
I will tell you, then,
O eternity,
You are the only haven for me.

Rolling on the Thresholds of Faith

Only,
I come near to the metaphor,
I quench my lanterns at day and night,

And let darkness blow up;
I nurture language under the roof of my home;
And spy on meaning,
Vigilantly,
And cautiously;
I roll down on the thresholds of faith,
And ask:
What is your essence, woman?

Delights

There they are,
Your trees,
Landing on my banquets,
How, then, I renounce my delights,
And sleep softly
In the void
Surrounding
Me?

Hollow Shells

I know / I know pretty well /
I had no right to know her name,
She had no right to know me.
Thus,
The woman used to call me 'A',
I call her 'z'.
She used to shrewdly approach me;
I used to tightly cling to her.
She used to cuddle me at night;
I used to gather for her from all valleys,
The perfections and heresies adequate to her name.

Your readings, so countless, woman;
Your ravine that flows from the loins and the breast-bones,
And my shells
All are hollow.

To Sweep up Eternity with his Hands

He could walk like an abyss;
And lean upon the void as a prey;
He could sleep giving his back to the sky,
Always;
He could raise his thumb grudgingly
Into the face of the world;
And bend over upon contraries;
And recline his head on the edge.
He could...!!
Drive madness away from his soul with jokes,
And sweep dust
Off the dome.

The Hellish Towers of the Night

Onto the hellish towers of the night
I shall open up windows of memory;
And knock on the solid gates of the day;
With the turmoil of the night,
And its contradictions,
All alone.
I shall go down on my knees
Before the troops of wind,
And wash the dust of the body
With the elegance of desire,
And move forward,

Like an abyss.

The Copper of Desire

On the walls of memory,
Inscribed
With the copper of desire,
And the tin of sex,
I shall knit your name
With mine;
And with the fingers of time,
Wet with death
And life,
I shall register your conquests
And names.

This is What always Happens at Night

At night,
When darkness rises up with its loose cloak,
I call on you,
My With the utmost of my voice,
My beloved.
Your prayers that you raise
Towards God,
Always
Fall upon my low deserts,
In the shape of rain,
And apples.

Ascending Ladders

Words do not look like you;
No Star
But stares at you.
A lonely
Moon
Stands on your balconies.
Scores of valleys
Flow only towards you.
Your sun surprises the night;
Your moon takes it unaware.
Are there any ascending ladders
In your skies?
Are there any ceremonies
For your prayers?

As Though

As though,
To lean upon the rim of the wind;
As though,
He will roll the earth
Like a cigarette in his fingers;
And throw it towards the space.
Here he is,
Painting the bowl of time,
On the trees of time;
And speaking endlessly
To the ends.

Galaxies under his Roof

Why does he always look in his signs
That do not look like you
For the sun that looks like you?
At night,
He calls the galaxies under the roof of his house;
Examines the dome of the sky
With his hands;
Giving the whistles of the wind no ear;
Only,
He washes each time it rises up;
Performs his ablution with his own blood,
Each time he kneels down;
And after prayer,
He leads the caravans of language,
And sits down to his pads,
And songs.
Why then,
He always look in his signs that do not look like you
For the sun
That looks like you?!

The Copper Flower

There he is/
I pursued him,
As he
Was running
With his trees/
For a while/
He cast off this copper flower/
And celebrates what he has/
Then,

He sat down under his own shadow/
Set his last bird free/
After her/
Here,
A star from her waters is falling down/
On his waters/
So he is in flames.

Here is His Body— All for her

Here he is,
Throwing his papers into the air,
His skies to the gorge;
And spreading time behind him,
Like a scandal;
Here he is
Tracking the traces of some woman.
No more,
Does he pay thought to what is called Being or Unbeing;
Only,
He stands on the edge of madness,
Unexampled,
Patting the buttocks of time,
And building his tent next to her kingdom.
Here he is—
His body is all for her,
Here she is—
Uncaring and unmoved;
Never waving to him from afar;
Contented only by her own self.
She is the night,
He is the day;
How, then,
Could he interpret for her his conditions;
How could she define to him

Hers?!

On the Lover's Quandary

The body bathes with the spices of light;
Time –unrivalled—
Intertwines, with his own little hands,
A waistcoat for the woman who has no paradigm.
Still I am sleeping near Al-Jineid's flower;
Al-Hallaj never told me about the lover's quandary.
Will Al-Niferi explicate to me
The clues of speech?
And tell me how he measures the lover's discourse
With the fragrance of a rose?
And how could he say
A flower is kin to a lover's language?
Did
You engrave my name on the tree of the wind,
O, woman?

On Your Body, I Write My Last Lyric

He is permitted
To stroll in dark,
And fasten the flower to the gale.
Is he narrating his writings to the deep void?
Or roaming lonely upon his slopes?
Why does your eye look like a flower?
This day is but a notebook for your songs;
Your sun is a gulf
Shading time.
Whereas your neck discolours the sky;

Your chest makes it glow.
I mount upon your tremulous buttocks,
So high,
And upon the sand hill of the body
I write my last lyric,
And look at your eyes
As they rise
On the wobbly ship of the body—
I will set out for my dates.

A Lover Asks the Way, Always

Why does that lover
Whisper his amulets, like madmen,
And ask the way?
Why reads he his prayers on pavements?
And heads off always towards the wind?
And makes feasts and banquets for his fantasies,
And defeats?
Will he keep awake near the tree of solitude,
To spell letters to his sun, for ever?
Why
Heads he off always towards the wind?
Why knows he nothing about
Language?

Walking Upon His Slopes

Allowed he,
To name things by their names;
Allowed he,
To ride the vacant wagon of ecstasy,

And dispute with chaos.
Allowed he,
To combat with the wind while time and space are unseen;
Allowed he,
To unravel the wraps of time
Off the tree of time.
Maybe,
He will find no routes,
Due to his defeats and losses.
Allowed he,
To stab language with the daggers of letters,
Infected by revulsion
And vengeance.
Allowed he
To pay attention to nothing,
Or think about his deaths, so myriad.
Allowed he,
To look for the night,
unconcerned by the so-called day.
Allowed he,
To enter into the garden of the ends;
With no partner;
And to walk upon his slopes.
Will the woman accompany him in time?
Or Will he meet only decease
And resentment?

Until He Abandons Everything

He was looking for language
In language;
Combating with the wind
In fights
And advocacies.
He was entering the maze of solitude,

And always wounded himself on the verge of a slope.
He was rolling like a balloon
Between the thing and its counterpart.
Maybe,
He was compressing time as a cigarette in his own hands,
Folding the sky as a book
Under his armpit;
He was gathering the stars like gems in his box of antiques;
He was sitting to his contradictions
And spheres,
Until he abandons everything to everything,
Combating with the wind
In fights,
And advocacies.

Penetration at Night and at Day

On the tree of the wind,
You are swaying between life and death;
Like heresies
And sin,
You are watching the night penetrating the day,
The day the night;
Or watching the night withdrawing from the day,
The day from the night.
So..!!
You have nothing to do with me,
I have nothing to do with you, as well.
I will keep spying on you,
As you depart, or come, or fade away.
You keep spying on me,
As I depart, or come, or fade away.
Every night,
I take you, as if unsighted, to my chasms and bottoms.
I stop with you before each sign,

So you could stop with me before each meaning.
Do you have any sign to reach?
Do I have any meaning to stop at?

Shrouded with My Chasms

So,
I will shroud myself with my chasms,
And sink into the bottoms of sleep;
I will envelop my body with the canopies of dream,
Laden with nightmares
And illusions.
I will not follow the signs of what happened,
Or what will happen, someday.
I will assume the color of all bodies;
Reside in all bodies.
I will sit at the diminishing gates of the world,
And lean my head upon all that is declining;
Grab your blue fish with my hook;
Pile up the stars under my head,
Like stones.
I will ramble lonely among my fantasies
And all what appears to me.
I will conceive new rules and rituals,
Adequate only to me.
I will put the world in my pocket,
And travel with the emancipation of the body
And imagination.

Compromises of the Bottom

I laugh at the idiocy of the night,

As it gathers the day's cloak on the rug of time.
I laugh at the idiocy of the day,
As it lights up the lantern of the night
With his hands—
Tainted by yesterday's blood and labors;
So,
Let me fall down to the verge of time,
And wrap in my worn out, filthy clothes.
I am not asking you about the nature of death,
And the absurdity of the world,
Only,
I make compromises with the bottom,
And substitute an abyss
With another abyss.

Splashing lonely on the Sands of the Bottom

Thus,
All organs rush forward;
I sweep up the dust of time with my own five senses,
And start these no-ending voyages;
Kicking dust with my feet,
And other invisible things;
Blending the thing with its counterpart;
And deceive the passers-by.
I attach up the wave with sands,
The sea with its bubbles,
Then drag them away from the shore;
And splash lonely on the bottom,
And set up my monarchy.

There

There
In the line separating desire and the hiding of desire;
Between knowledge
And absence of truth;
Never to think about time and its counterpart;
Knowing not what death is
Or life.
I expand like lobsters;
And only shade by myself.
There,
Beneath the pearls of time,
And heat of determinism,
I will roll truth like a balloon with my own fingers;
And disclose the treacheries of language,
And the contradictions and hallucinations of images;
I will start from the edge to the center,
And from the point to the circle,
And from the circle to the point,
Until I reach nowhere.

A Dream

I go beyond the barriers of colors,
Amorphous I be;
I lounge on the coral islands,
Smash into the shore,
Go with the tide,
In absolute solitude;
Laugh loudly as a person released from stern habits;
And walk freely like senses and
lust;
Never to desert time or space.
I will head for the trinkets of eternity,
Never to seize but the truly precious.

I am the living dead,
Writing:
I am you
But you are not me.

What a Mess

Will he capture the letters of language,
One by one,
And words,
Word by word.
And hit them with hammers,
To give himself over to his fantasies
And aspirations?
What is he looking for?
What is he thinking of? Since he is still watching the sun
From a hole in his room,
That looks like jail.
Letters and words besiege him
Like snakes and lizards,
As they gaze out with their dusty, cluttered heads,
And their deadly, smoldering eyes.
Unable he is to stop them.
Always his endeavors end in breakdown.
Suddenly,
He remembers a woman he has to meet
Somewhere,
In an hour's time.
Feeling petrified of everything,
He kicks everything off;
And steps on his pangs and cries,
With laughter and coldness.
Would he mount over the edges of his desolation and heresies?
Would he hold his anarchy and throw it up to the air?
Would he laugh or wail?

Would he look for the word while he dwells in the world?
Would he think once again of some woman?
What a mess!!

Hallucinations

O, day,
Grab me with your continual hallucinations,
And knots.
O, Eternity,
Grant me your truth, imperceptible,
To break through the velvet of froth,
Make the sea gulls beseech resurrections.
Change me, night,
So I could know myself.
Minimize,
Maximize,
O, Time,
Till you reach the edge
So I could smell your songs,
And tread on your galaxies with my lungs, laden with death and dust,
And hold your coats
And tables.
Squeeze in my hands
O, Body,
So I could touch what lies in your cells
Of truth
And flavor.

The Antennas of Sex

He goes well with seclusion,

He makes love to the wind;
He could pierce into the safe of ashes,
And write what is unshaped and flavorless.
He could look for his misfortunes, so immeasurable;
And see grandeur in desolation
And conquests;
He could craft a flower from copper
And tin,
And the antennas of sex,
And moisture, as well.
He could track the visible and the invisible in his fantasies;
He could mix up the granite of routine
With the murmurings of ecstasy.
He could stand on the borders of the remotest realms,
With nothing in hands;
Will he himself look upon his deaths,
So countless?!!

The Back of the Matter

I will discard the allegory of language,
And enter the fantasies of divinity;
And be lonely,
Like all the people off course;
I will come close to the real essence of the body,
With no competitor;
I will pay no recognition to interpretations;
And ascend the back of the matter to look on the orbits.
I will carry time,
Like a disgrace,
And build on the borders of galaxies
What I see adequate.

Love

When you, like a butterfly,
Come into view,
I let my grubby soul
Bathe
On your sands, gleaming with longing.
Always,
When I hear your voice,
I open up
All my windows.

Pile up, Eternity

Pile up, Eternity,
On sea shores and orbits;
The lover shall recognize your contours,
So infinite.
May be,
He will stop before your coasts, burdened with corpses
And contradictions,
To clean his songs from the dust.
O, vile lust,
Your flaming sun overpowers me;
And.....
Your skies are vacant.

Last Ashes

The red moon approaches your infinite woods,
So the night stops breathing,

And the stars sit upon your knees.
Unable I am to give you a name;
You are the night and its counterpart;
Your ashes have the stench of bitter orange;
Your songs have the purity of a flower;
Your sun is the eternal shadow of eternity;
Your lips,
A water well;
Your body is what God writes;
Why
Do you leave your last ashes
For me?!

Tracking

I shall follow the traces of the body,
Full of ladders;
And in language,
I shall pronounce adequate whisperings;
I shall award the body the right of vividness and truth;
And assert in public:
No truth but Him,
The ultimately graceful names are his,
I use them when I speak to Him;
And I capture the sun
As she, nakedly, spies on the rules of the body,
And its fluctuations.

Vapors of the Soul

Your luminous sun will blow on my avalanches;
Your multihued beams,
O, emerald,

Will reveal on my mirrors,
And time.
I shall stop at the rim of the sea to complete my meditations;
No,
It was not your lenient hands that touched mine,
Only,
It was the vapors of the soul
Ascending like prayers,
So vague,
To escort me.
No,
It was not your heart, encumbered with emeralds,
That rescued me,
Only,
It was your eyes flowing with peace.
On the peaks of your mountains, ever-burning with longing,
O, Merciful Woman,
I will guide the caravans of the wind,
Until they reach in your pastures,
So vast.

The Heat of the Void

I stretch on the pebbles of the shore,
Holding the fishhooks of solitude,
Weaving of froth,
A body for a woman I never saw;
And splashing in the heat of the void;
Sweeping dust
And names
Off my banquets.
The womanly air personifies before me.
This is the land of muggy womanliness,
Bristled with seclusion and heat,
So, take off your shoes,

And approach the nature of the name and the named;
Erect as a continent,
Both drowned and floating;
Look for your own times and moons;
The night has come to its last part,
And you are still far from your goal.
Stop not under this fiery sun,
Since you belong not to this village;
And since you will not take off your shawl and amulets;
Fling yourself into the sea;
The sea will fling you to the coast;
Dilute the weight you are carrying,
For the sake of your recent quandary.
O God
What a seclusion!

What Is He thinking of?

Vain are his days;
His words only smell of anarchy;
Will he throw the letters of his language into garbage?
May be,
He will detain his clouds in the cage of the wind.
But what will he do with his gloom distressing him
Like bubbles,
And enclosing his neck,
Like snakes.
What is he thinking of?
Is there any certainty,
Then?!!

Anarchy

Why doesn't he ascend to the abyss,
And shout loudly:
"Would I hold the saffron of death and vice?"
Why doesn't he enfold the rainbow round himself,
And lean upon his anguish
And defeats?
He will say to his lady:
So,
Put off the fire of love,
And let sempiternity mix up with eternity,
Eternity with sempiternity;
Nothing is there but
Absolute anarchy!!

Destiny

There the sun is,
Naked,
Bathing in the chrysolite of the horizon;
As she unveils,
She hides her disgrace with the time machine,
While the moon is walking lonely
In skies of gloom,
And the sparkling stars
Pursue him.

Parts

He was standing on the edge of clouds,
Whistling to the wind,
Gathering the extremes,

Matching between the thing
And its counterpart
In a single fact;
Between body and soul in a leaven;
Usurping everything,
By everything;
Telling his parts:
These are your parts,
O, depleted man.

O, Lady

In your voice there is a tuneful bird;
Wonders in your sun;
Mysteries and fables inhabit your spaces.
Your sky is loaded with stars;
Your lap is decked with pearls and precious stones.
Your storms are filled up with wakefulness and fever;
Your castles are encircled by lilies
And shade.
You are secured with all that is eye-catching,
And impassable.
Appalling you are,
Like an army defended by troops and shields;
You take your cosmetics from all materials;
On you, day and night spy,
From a hole in time
And anguish.
Is there any route in your mornings,
O, Lady?!

Unconditioned Love

Who is the lady that enters the heart
With no equal,
And leaves it like a spike?
Who is that lady that grows in memory
Illusions and heresies —
Unseen and unheard before?
Who seduced, but misled?
Haunted, but declined?
Blew, but eliminated?
Departed, but returned?
Appeared, but vanished?
Unveiled, but veiled? Withdrew, but watched? Laughed, but
dismayed?
Moaned, but distressed? Slept, but troubled? Waved, but winked?
Spoke, but summed up?
Promised, but forgot?
Approached, but abandoned?
Who is the lady that enters the heart
With no equal?
And leaves it like a spike?

Monotony

I emerge from the sex of monotonous habits
To the distraught night;
I dismiss all untrue lusts away;
And befriend some light, unknown to me;
I splatter on the body, and carry the icons of desire
On my head.
I fill out my pocket with a new language,
Dissimilar to this;
And leave it before the pants of wind,
So to spread in the rugged roads,
Narrow and desolate.

I sleep before my offerings,
And pour my gloom on the expansive time;
I enter the sex of monotonous habits,
And say:
Farewell to all the monotonous things.

Temptations

I will plow you up, body
With plows;
And when light fades away,
I shall flare up the lanterns,
And temptations
That still reside in you.

Seduction

Maybe,
I will reside in this void, for ever;
Clutching at the wood of language ,
And the pebbles of desire;
And put the caravans of chaos under my armpits.
Tell me, body,
What do you really need?
What meaning do you have?
At what sultan of lust will your fragile caravans stop?
When would I come to you with something?
And wrap you,
And you wrap me?
Wait,
O, the agony that dwells in veins and spines,
I will go around you,

And throw my pebbles;
Never to disobey you;
To the end of the world, I shall follow you.

Vestiges

Thus,
I look for desolation and maneuvers;
Abandon what never comes to what never comes;
Grant the night the right of seeking delight;
Match the sea with sands,
Pebbles
With roses;
Stand on the seacoast, drowned.
Maybe,
A star will fall down;
Or a moon advances,
Or water crumples into water.
Maybe,
Language will meet the letter, accidentally;
Maybe,
Space will stand up,
Raising his vestiges.

The Dome of the Soul

I could ask the stones
(I wish the lad...
I wish I were stones...)
Before the bird of language, I stop,
Beg for the spike of light,
And set the winds free into the wind;

Untie the knot of space,
And release my night butterflies.
And as
I prepare for sleep on the wobbly sofas of dream,
I submit to the lord of lust,
And routine;
And to the seductions of matter,
And write on the oak tree of the body:
Body is the dome of the soul;
Soul is what the body does mean.

She

She is
Motion and motionlessness;
The thing referring to its counterpart;
The interval
Swaying between sleep and wake.
She is being and unbeing;
The rose,
And the sting of the rose;
Speech,
And its possible meaning;
The road that has no beginnings;
The space without ending.
So, in what language would I define what I see?
And she,
She is everything.
What an illusion dragging me down
Until I shatter on the bones of the skies,
And earth!
Why are you killing yourself of grief?
O, skies of distress and mirage!!

The Line of the Ends

I lean upon the ladders of the air;
Descend on the pebbles of lust,
Step
By step;
Escort the caravans of the wind,
As a man, unsighted;
Ramble on the shores.
I yield to the seductions of matter,
And the eye-catching fuzz of womanliness;
And shout:
Why does the whole world assemble between your two legs,
Like a gem?
Why, on the maps of the navel,
And the gardens of the belly,
Stay the invisible cities continually?
Will history change its course?
Will woods spread out on your trembling, gleaming body?
So,
There, the moon shines,
The stars gather
At the line of the ends,
For ever.

A Remote Sun

Holding the butterflies of light,
I feel so free.
Your domestic trunk is a domestic forest
Of sandalwood, spices, and speedwell.
Your sun is remote,
And full of heresies.

Your moon wishes if it could sleep under the roof of my house.
Your sky is decked with scattered planets.
Thousands of planets
Dwell in your garden.
Your waist is a purple jungle.
Your breast is an Eden, unforgettable.
Your nose is a well of fragrance and intimacies.
Your belly is a pure sky, demanding no stars.
Your trunk is a source of rivers, and shores for birds.
Your eyes are
Paradises.
O, strange woman,
Your Eden is Hell;
A Hell is your Eden.

Endlessness

Why does this lover
Wait for the lady in certain dates?
Why does he write on the body with the language of the body?
Is he seeking other meanings for the body?
Have the lover's conquests
No endings?

The Sky of Unbeing

I will tell you about the names of the body,
And its last temptations;
I will sit before my body,
And think of something.
I will enter into the murmurings of time,
And the woods of fantasies,

I will stare into the vast void of eternity,
And rescue my sinking persons from the rottenness of matter;
And perform my own prayers;
I will walk on foot in the sky of unbeing,
Having nothing to do with myself.

Spaces

I could say
You are my abyss;
You hold the language of water,
The discourse of symbols,
And anarchy.
You hold the vigor of the body,
The tree of delight;
And the power of revelation;
And I have only the mission of looking for a labyrinth.
You hold the metaphors that envelop time;
And I have only to look for the space where you reside;
What a space you have!
What a position for me!

On the Reality of the Nameless

I will grab the body
With the fishhook of the soul;
I will let the sun stay in the wombs of oysters;
And lean upon the reality of the name,
And the nameless, as well.
I will learn from language what attaches me to you;
Not to separate, except with a degree;
Never to come near except with a degree.

Betwixt the nature of nearness and the reality of separation,
You
You are the meaning of the named
And the nameless, as well.

The Hell of Question

Under the sun of metaphors,
You stand,
In what language would I define you?
In what language would I define myself to you?
Here I am,
Emerging to you as, a creature,
Unsighted in the dusk,
In this stumpy land,
And furious sun;
While I feel intolerable torment.
In what sky you exist?
In what chasm?

Wanderings

He was wandering on the soggy pavements the night,
Looking for a last desire,
As he always does.
Why does he remember the parable of the Last Supper,
So suddenly?
Here he is,
Looking for other skies for the body,
For the names he sticks to.
Here he is,
Rebuked by desire,

Overwhelmed by knowledge.
Did Nietzsche ever know that Salome was looking for the masculine
night
At midday,
And in the womanliness of the light?
He could measure eternity with the moment,
Not
The moment with eternity.

Eternity Seated

I capture insight with all the five senses;
And mediate for what happened,
And what will.
Here...
Eternity is seated,
And Sempiternity proceeds,
In the flocks of the wind.

A Tale

Thus
Thus...
Al-Neferi was stridently laughing,
Winking to the absolute tree of the body;
The body is the key of the world;
An interval, never penetrated by day or night,
Exists between body and body,
And the night never passes except but by day.
The world is losing his parts away;
The disk of sex incessantly changes.
A letter but be like this;

A sentence has no other shape.
Letters are a nation..!!
Was the sentence too restricted that vision widened
For you?
Or vision was so limited that it made the reality of the sentence so
vast?

Shouting

I shout:
Who is that lady leaning with her desolation
Upon grief?
Who is that lady that seizes fire with the fingers of the wind,
And smolders time in the streets?
Who is she that leans on the coal of the soul,
Mixing water
With Fire;
Writing on the colossal wall of eternity:
No sharer for me?

The Lady of Mediations

Your skies
Are farther than the skies of day and night;
Your breast is an Eden,
Never to be forgotten;
Lamps are your eyes;
Will your sun settle down,
So we could circle around you,
Never ask for relief except from you?

So,
As we take our bodies off at the edges of your sinning body.
Orbits rush forward;
Desires burn,
O, Lady of mediations.

Revelations

Your shadow falls on the wall;
The dimness of your light
Takes me to some floating water;
In the glow of your lanterns,
I shall discolor my times.
I ask:
What is that light shining in my realms?
What is that dawn rising on your realms?

As though the universe has opened up,
So wide.

Gravity Orbit

So,
We shall break off the austerity of conventions,
And gravity,
And rotate round the orbit,
Like people, astray.
You clasp the air,
I,
By your spaces, hang so high.

Reality

Is death your reality, woman?
Or your death is the only fact known?
Are you Being itself?
Or is your existence a daydream?
What an illusion you are!
Your being is
Absolute unbeing;
Your unbeing absolute being.
Ye, Magian
What are your perfections that are shrouded
With the trinkets of being,
And temporary transformations?

Sitting Outside the Café

He may stone himself for no reason,
And sit down with his friend Al-Neferi at the same table,
To drink some bitter tea.
May be,
He will sit down inside some café,
Beyond the borders of the wind,
To read together
From the "A. L. M."
To "The Romans Beaten",
And the Seven Mualaqat,
And the book of One *Thousand Night and Night*,
And what they could from *The Features of Bin Genni*,
And the Al-Thaalibi's book on Language.
He will be inflexible in his choice of words,
As much as meaning responds,
As long as time allows;
And in accordance with his fantasies,

And lust!

Solitude

So,
He will say to Al-Ma'arri:
You, who weaves the universe,
Weave me.
He will say to Al-Tawheedi:
The most estranged are those aliens at home;
The most secluded are those secluded at home.
He will say to Al-Gazali:
The universe is deliberately made.
And to Ibn-Tofail:
Accidental is this universe.
And to Mohey Iddin Ibn Arabi:
Identities are the same,
But worlds are not.
And I will say:
"The universe is here;
The universe is here;"
Pointing to where his heart be;
So, you who weaves the universe,
Weave me.

The Sun of Desire

How would I name the desire on the body of a woman,
Sleeping naked,
Bathing with light,
Beneath the sun of solitude?
This is

The beginning of desire,
And the skies of truth;
No masks do I wear!
So,
I will be cloaked by the web of desire;
Holding the grace of the body,
As a blinded man.
I will pay no care to what emerges to me,
Of desolation
And losses.
Here I am laying unclothed beside a woman
Sleeping naked,
And bathing with light.
On these walls of heat and melancholy,
I will start my reflections.

Another Labyrinth for this Unsighted Man

May be,
His friend Imro Al-Qais also will wait for him
By noon,
At some tavern, he knows,
But never to reach;
He might drink little smutty wine until Imro Al-Qais turns up.
Here he is leaning upon his stick,
Escorting his things and odds as an unsighted man.
May be...
He was unwrapping some woman's garments,
As she discharges the birds of yearning away,
And takes off some of her gowns down to the navel,
To unveil the maps of her body
And its hidden corners,
And submit her white arms for the air,
Hair to the wind.
Ah!

This unsighted man who calls himself Imro Al-Qais
Might never come;
So, I am leaning upon my stick
Drinking little smutty wine.

Streets of Delight

I ask the body
About its own essence;
The air about its secrets;
And clean the glass of language with the sweat of discourse;
Sweep up the streets of delight
With grasps
And
Submissiveness;
Write on the streets of the body and its cities, unforgettable,
The time of speaking has come;
The time of vocalizations has come;
The world is but some woman's sun.

A Reply

Why, body,
Do you want me to go behind you from a country
To another?
From a labyrinth to a labyrinth?
Why, day,
Do you urge me to spy on the body,
As it enveloped by revelations,
And symbols,
And cities of signs?
Is there a reply?

Attempts for Appearance

So,
Come into view, woman, from under the roof of knowledge,
And the fantasies of vision;
Uncover yourself.
Are your orbits farther than those of the day and night?
Are you the illusion of reality?
Or the reality of illusion?
And what about the body with elegance and exultations?
Come into view,
Come into view,
So I could count up your costumes,
And suns,
Myriad.

Across Your Shallow Waters

Across your shallow waters,
I will stop a little,
To throw my fishhook.
Like an astray,
I will stop before your rock-hard bastion.
You told me:
Neither the sky,
Nor the earth,
Is a place for stay.
Just,
I will delve into your body,
As an old friar,
An take off my pants,
My archaic writings,

And throw them to the gulf.
As an old pirate,
I will tell you about
The absence of the sea.

Insanity Itself

So,
I shall heap like butterflies behind you,
Holding, with my powerful fingers,
The walls of sleep
And vigilance
That appear to me;
And clutch at insanity itself.

The Old Lover

There,
The gale becomes wilder;
Fire is smoldering inside,
Like an eye from the azure.
There the sun is thumping windows harshly.
Speechlessly,
I proceed towards you,
Old oak tree;
May be,
And harshly too,
I will remove the thick canopies off your transparent body,
And proceed
Like a lover,
So old.

A Legend

Lust
Creates
The Legend of the body,
Offers it on a plate
Of desire.

Interpretations

A single language exists
For the body,
Wherewith
It interprets the world;
Whereas the world
Transfers
The body
Into symbols
And fables.

Insight

(1)

The trees of the heart become green;
The leaves of the body
Fly away.

(2)

A loving woman's sleep
Is prayers;
Faith is
The vigilance of a loving man.

(3)

Each time
I try to restore your voice
To my memory,
It vapors away;
What wine that took hold
Of me?!

A Meeting

Al-Nefari says:
"A sentence becomes short,
If vision is ample."
I say:
Illusion is vision;
A letter is a sentence.
Be silent,
So you could see.

A Dilemma

Sometimes
Speech becomes feeble,
And language conspires;
But the heart

Eliminates
As it wishes;
Assures
What it thinks
True.

Air

Thus,
I was ordained for me
To see you in the dark,
And cover myself up with the wind's cloak.
I dash forward towards you,
Like a prey;
Powerless,
I stay
With no company
On the sands of the shore;
I throw my fishhook
To the edge,
But fail to catch you;
Fail to seize you,
As if you were just air.

A Lady

I move toward you,
Carrying my pleasures;
I stare only into your eyes;
Indifferent to what may come into sight;
And pronounce /
You're the final truth.

Your sun is but part of the day's wake;
Your lips
Echo womanly fire;
Your body is a record of eternity;
Your route
Is absolute belief;
Your hands
Declare the hour of my salvation.
Here I am,
Moving toward you,
Carrying my pleasures.

At times

At times,
I assume the figure of a stone,
Never to stretch except upon the couch of routine;
I devise another form,
Appropriate for the matter.
At times,
I march in streets,
Fraught with what once took place,
And what will;
I ascend the stairs of gloom,
Clutch at what I know,
And what I know not;
Nothing appears to me,
Except you,
Word that innovates meaning.

The Lady of Mediations

So,
Nude, I sleep,
Nothing in hands but the air;
I throw it away towards the swamps;
I put my hands in my pockets,
Gear up to meet yearning.
As ecstasy materializes so white,
I throw my fantasies and
Desire;
Never to clasp except myself.
As I prepare myself for you, sinful lady,
I fall down towards the bottom.

Unbeing

Sometimes,
I snicker at the piercing laughs of death;
And toy with all things, visible.
Sometimes,
I fill out myself with clouds,
And transformations;
Engage myself with what I know,
And what I know not;
I seek out the thing,
And its counterpart;
I appeal by death,
To death.

Taking Off

He could
March in the land of delight, with nothing in his hands;

Merge the night with the day,
The day with the night.
Why doesn't he
Take off his own fantasies and illusions?
Why doesn't he
Stand before the rose as he seizes this star,
Or that?
Why doesn't he say: the rose
Is similar to a lover's language;
The rose is a body of a loving lady,
As she takes off her clothes.

Writing

Just
I surrender to sleep like hedgehogs;
Hit the trees of gloom with fingers of the void;
Hear nothing
But the echoes of death.
Sands topple;
Skies in flame, and stars.
Nothing heard; nothing seen.
Nets hook but the sawdust of language,
And the pebbles of desire.
Language leads only to the same nothingness.
So, I bite off desolation with all my teeth,
And write on the walls of the gorge:
I will be dead,
No way.

Readings

His readings continue—

(1) The sky is the mirror of the earth;
The earth is its cloak, dim and lighted.

(2) Eden is what we learn about the planets of the body,
And its galaxies.

(3) Time is the reality of time,
As you feel it.

(4) The moment is time,
But what happened in the past,
Is gone.

(5) The body has the right to devise its own rules;
The soul, its own codes.

(6) Eternity
Is the continuity of delight;
Delight is the law of the body;
Body can not be divided.

(7) Sex
Is the absolute words of God;
The body is its final design.

(8) The sun
Is what the body writes on the body's pages;
The moon is their thunderous song.

(9) Day and night are two countenances for a single fact,
Destiny.

Sleep

He used to sleep at Sunday's noons;
Pour the sun of delight beneath the stars' lust;
On the wobbly pillow of the night,
He used to hold in, his hands, the dough of the body,
As he stands, grief-stricken,
To watching heat squeezing.
When leg encloses leg;
Belly touches belly;

Navel moves towards navel;
And the two armies meet up;
The interval opens up to the beginnings of another;
Love reaches its pinnacle;
And sleep takes the shape of wake,
And wake the shape of sleep;
He used to take off his shoes,
Hold his mouth clogged,
Saying to himself:
So.
You've reached the climax.

Loneliness

May be,
He will compress space in his fingers;
And devise another shape adequate with his
Melancholy.
When he thinks of loneliness,
Letters shiver like little mountain goats
And Leap up into his lap.
May be,
He will renounce his submission,
And stay hanging up
To his body.

Pride

He was
Leaning upon the vacuum of his soul,
Spreading in the space,
Like a disgrace;

And on the shaky pillow of the night,
Gathering day and night;
Saying to them:
Make love,
Produce children;
I am proud of you.

Continuity

Why do thoughts quarrel in his head,
Since he could look out of his window,
And see the stars,
As they stroll in streets,
And alleys,
Looking at him with doubt,
And fright?
Why troubles he his mind with al-Hallaj,
Al-Neferi,
Marx,
Al-Sawrourdi,
Wars in the third world, and fundamentalists,
And the dialectics of history.
Since the world is as it always was?!!

The Void

His head is encumbered with funerals;
Like mills, his mind runs;
His nights always start like this..
His heart overflows with longing;
His eyes weeps of ache.
Why doesn't he set fire in all these meanings,

And sit down with his box of antiques,
To scan his moons, innumerable,
And his incalculable suns?
Why doesn't he sit down close to this rose?
Or sleep under its realm?
Why doesn't he yell in the face of the world,
And remake it as he wishes?
Why doesn't he set fire in his head,
And rest on the couch of fragility?
Why doesn't he capture the void,
Itself?

Coasts

Your body stands for death;
You for life.
Your eye reveals half the truth;
Your sun, the other half.
O, sinning lady,
At your jagged, slim lanes,
I will raise up my flags;
And yield to never-ending temptations.
When my body reads the alphabets of your body,
Unveils the mysteries of your letters,
And learn your verses,
I will know the path to myself,
And sleep calmly under your sun— the truth.
On your coasts, I will rescue the drowned,
And leave behind some of the wounded and the mad,
And say:
This is your sublime condition.
O, seductive lady
Your body requires eternity and sempiternity, as well.

Taking the Body off

I ought to have crossed into the intimacy of water;
Rested at the table of frost;
Put a leg on the earth,
Another on the dome of the sky;
I ought to have extended my hands to the space,
Like this,
And pulled out out the fruits of the light;
And piled ache up in my lap,
Like garbage.
I ought to have swallowed the oranges of sin and innocence.
Here it is,
Solitude envelops me;
So,
I take my body off,
And the other parts;
I take off the treacheries of the soul;
And hang down
Like a vice, to come.

Shouting

I disturb the void with the froth of silver,
Hanging on in my lungs;
I roam inside myself,
Carrying my gifts,
And sins.
I shout:
What are you looking for,
You, who is accumulated in your pants,
Like garbage?

Leanings

Because he is always forced
To disclose his secrets and reflections;
And say to his people:
"Stay where you are,
I found fire for you,"
He shall embrace the air,
With his prophecies and malice;
He will feel distrustful of the sea,
And the breakdown of the skies on earth;
He shall lean upon
The verge of a rift,
About to fall.

Maps

Your white blood,
O, coal black man,
Spills out on papers,
Like a map;
No single woman carries fruits for you,
Or flesh of a bird.
You should not attain sleep in the wake of the day;
Or the day,
In the cities of the night.
Only
Your eyes sleep,
Not your heart.
Still you keep away from the wine of the body,
From the beginning of wake to the end of sleep;
Woman is truth for you,

O, coal black man,
Your white blood,
Spills out on papers,
With the night fruit;
Like a map.

Drunkenness

Your belly
Looks like the silk of kings.
Your hair,
The Karmel.
Your lips teach me
Faith itself.
A king who captivates
Only by his grandeur.
O God!
What a charm that I see in her eyes!

Clutching

Do you present your offerings
And sacrifices
To
Nothingness?
Why
Do you clutch at truth, so hard?
Why does death clutch at you, so hard,
All the time?

The Lonesome

What do you do in solitude,
As you watch the sun accompanying the moon
Till the dawn comes?
And watch the moon tracking the sun's houses
As if it were his lady, adored?
Will you write her names on each stone?
And on each pebble, you write your knowledge
And revelations?
Will you sleep under this tent of the gale?
Will you sleep, or wake up?
Don't you have dreams and yearnings?
Only..
Eyes widely opened!
Do you detain the sempiternal in your books?
And tie the eternal up in your chain of keys?
With chaos, your coats are crammed;
Only on verges, your legends erect,
And your days arise;
On roads, you construct your conventions,
Filled with traps and treacheries;
Infinite is your sea;
Devoid of mysteries your sun be;
Nothing fetters your speech;
Your light decks ashes, and cleans lamps;
Your trees bloom only on the edges;
You fix the wind with your papers;
On each corner, you leave your traces,
And knit the letter to the letter;
Here is the space
Writing you.

Rapture

Was Ibn Arabi right or erroneous,
When he sought the memory of the soul
In the oranges of the body?
The uprising of the body
In the seashell of the soul?
How wrote he about that lady,
Who ruined the meaning of his sleep,
And the velvet of his wake, as well,
As she stretched on the sofa of desire?
Drowned in rapture they were.
Was she nearer to him, than his jugular vein?
How did he write that lady
While he was seeking true love,
And watching body breaking up at the far end of the body?

Sly Nature

It seems he made a decision—
To fling his words away into the abyss;
To grab his language with a fish hook;
To fill up his lungs
With the stickiness of the body;
To lay upon his water mosses,
Like pearls.
Why doesn't he stand in front of this sun
To discolor his days
With insanity itself?
Why doesn't he uprise in the morning,
As this rose continually does?
Why reads he the speech of the body in everything?
This is his fate,
Touching the performance of the sly nature...!!

In the Space Itself

Why, then, he smells the sweat of armpits,
While he is laying upon the navel of the weeds,
And beneath the stars, glittering like knives?
Why speaks he
To his invisible things in the seductive noon of the night,
While seizing eternity with his teeth and trunks,
And with his fingers, flowing with desire and doubt?
Why does he seek some woman?
Will he press the body in his fingers,
Like a vice,
Throw it to the space?
Or will he arrest faith itself, softly?
There he is,
Roving with his face in the sky;
Seeing nothing
But the noises of the matter,
And the whistles of the soul,
Overturning in the space itself?

Obsessions

Why is he always obsessed by connotations,
To that degree?
Connotations of this lust;
Of that soul;
Of this night;
Of that day;
Connotations of eternity;
Of the world.

Just,
He will do all he can
To cross the confines of time,
And chant his own melodies;
He will go beyond the thing and its counterpart, as well,
Till he extends his hands over the space,
And catches the depleted birds of the matter;
And falls like spray on spray,
Sleeps on the coast of eternity;
Never to seek what lies underneath.

The Scarlet Moon

There it is,
The scarlet moon overturning on the yielding silk of your body;
There it is,
The wine of the body seeking noon's heat,
And a place wherein to hide.
Some of the night duties are unfulfilled, still.
O, woman, that always looks like stars;
Why don't you uncover those skies,
So we could see the room of eternity?
There,
As we fall down- as usual- towards the copper of desire
And the assails of lust,
Shout:
O, those who are dead,
Dismiss from our way
The shape of time.

The Sun of Metals

Since you try to divest yourself of the grime of the matter,
And the copper of desire,
Why stare you across the widow at the street,
Looking for something?
Are you seeking the room that encases you
With its thick plastic walls?
Or the sun of metals you always clutch at
By the end of the night?
Or the gray letters wherewith you shield yourself
Against the void,
And descend upon you in the dark?
Or the endless mornings of solitude?
Or the beginning of true delight,
And true ache?
Or your metal plate that shares your true melancholy,
And true regret?
Or the ash words that you ingest every morning,
Till the ends of the night?
Or your tedious question about being,
And the essence of being?
Or the idea of this death,
And the philosophy of the soul?
Are you always attached to the matter?
What ends flowing with lust
You own!

When Darkness Descends

When Darkness descends
With its wobbly cloaks,
That looks like hell, always,
On your body, unclothed,
I see a green tree rising from the velvet of sleep.
There it is,
Time is piling up on your infinite coasts,
Like those stars hanging in your eyes,

Always.
Your cities
That I enter laden with anguish
And defeat,
Reveal for me
The true conviction of desire.
As I hold your ascending sun,
I cling to my dry seas.

Stopping

At times,
I stop before your letters rising towards eternity.
Your arresting body erects like letter 'A';
Your eye is an island of tears,
Bordered with lilies,
And shade.
Why do I stop in your roads intersected endlessly,
O, woman overflowing with lightning,
And damp?
Your moon uncovers over cobalt water,
Murmurs upon aged houses.
Here it is,
Meeting the edges of the deserts.
As it pursues your traces that never escort him,
The bird of absolute desire appears,
To pronounce the beginnings of the ends.
Here I am,
Bathing in the waters of your sun.

Deserts

Your vast deserts,
O, woman,
Are but an image of the soul.
Dust is the image of the mirage.
The night bird;
The yells of sands;
The gale;
The dew;
The eye of the sun flaming in space;
The muddle of the azure moon;
The time of vainness;
The noon of nothingness;
The whisperings of rapture;
The disbanding of body
On the pebbles of another body.

As I tread on you, potent noon,
I feel my grandeur.
May be, I will shout:
This is faith,
Itself.

Adequate for Me

It is the night...,
The last air is passing by the squash tree,
So the earth's lusts bloom;
The green moon comes near your deep forests.
So the night holds its breath;
And the stars sit down on your knees,
And a last angel starts his carolings.
I name you not;
You are the night,
And its equivalent..;

Your ashes have the fragrance of bitter orange;
Your songs the purity of a rose;
Your sun owns the day of eternity;
Your lips is a well of water;
In your eyes an avalanche seems to exist.
Your high and stumpy, overlapped and confused woods
Allow only pirates to go through;
Your body is but what divinity writes
On the walls of eternity.
Since no paradigm exists for you,
You leave only your last ashes for me.

This Is the Lady I Never Own

Your sun gleams so high;
On the trimmings of your hills, flaming with longing,
Stands the bird of solitude;
Around you, assemble sin and innocence;
Crammed with wheat is your meadow;
On your gorgeous edges, pearls regularly glow;
Your skies have what appears to be gloom;
On your elegant forehead,
The moon pours its lustrous rays,
And the discourse of oblivion stops;
Between your hands,
Mountain goats in a file stand,
And prophetic words disband.
Last night,
I bought you a lonesome rose,
From a lonesome man,
And leaned upon the colossal wall of eternity.
“Why don’t you, lover,
Hide this rose,
So tormenters know not its secrets?”—
A woman said.

Your hair is the garden of the night;
Your fingers colors the space;
Your body is writing, forgotten, from the times of the avalanche.
Your breasts
Are two birds,
Crucified..;
I will guard your districts whereto dust and sand and fig trees
Ascend,
And wounded wolves shriek in,
With my solitude and mist.
Ah!
Your melancholy, limitless, is adequate only for kings.
In the shade of a fig tree,
I will sit, and wait for you,
Beloved.

Measuring

Permitted I am
To push the abyss to where emptiness exists;
To measure desire with the gleam in your eyes;
To lounge on the threshold of lunacy,
Attended by nobody.
I shall toy with the contradictions that the ends determine;
And stop under the wall of solitude,
Where desire and rancor shine;
And give your name to lust,
You,
The Lady of mediations,
And commands.
Permitted I am,
To say to your eyes:
Here recline eternity and sempiternity,
Nothing more;
Your body is but insane.

A Body Toning with Its Tunes

He pushes the space of desire
Off himself;
With his hands, he demolishes the day.
Will he drive the night to the edges,
And think, all alone, of the ends?
On your body, I write my language,
O, woman,
And seek a safe haven in my volcanoes.
Your eye knows how to take language unaware;
While your body conceives light,
Your hair gathers it again.
Pure is your air;
Errant your sun.
Your light, infatuated by
Its own tunes.

Waiting

With your fingers, writing the ink of the body;
With your eyes,
Fluid with lust,
I shall learn how to keep the horizon on the cymbal of the wind;
I shall recline under the space of temptation,
Wounded at heart,
Dumb;
Waiting for someone that never comes in view.

Long ago

Long ago,
Your eyes had the rhetoric of the gale;
Your breasts, the orange of the horizon;
Wonders of the night your hair once owned.
Long ago,
Your talk
Had the alphabets of creation;
Your name possessed the rituals of instincts.
I can smell you
Only
Through remembrance,
Today.

Writing

To forget,
I write you;
But when I read you,
I learn
You are the paramount of what I need.

Pericardium

Your hands,
That always touch my pericardium,
There is a sole language.
Language may succeed to set up rules
For them.

Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time,
I decided to say to you:
I adore you;
If the sea were an ink of words,
It will run out,
Before I complete writing your eyes.
As for the body's talk to the body,
This is another tale.

Over and Over

Over and over,
I overhear the echoes of your steps;
Over and over,
I cling to your eyes to see;
Over and over,
I wait on the peak of the wind for you.
What a hurricane you are!
What a hurricane!
What will light say about you?
Why always do I identify you with the sea?
"..., She may come under this tent of the night,"
I used to say to myself,
As I stand,
Though twenty ages have passed away.

Why?

Your has your body the language of certainty;
Why do I always feel dubious
About you?

An Idea

May be,
I thought for a while,
As I was thinking of you,
To pull the sea to my side,
Then,
I and the waves could wait for you,
On the shore.

Presence

Your presence
Is woe;
Your woe
Is another presence.

Questions

By the way,
What will body to body,
Tear to tear,
say?
What will thirsty chest to thirsty chest,
Leg to the leg,

Say?
At what bay will I learn to drive your ships,
Packed full with solitude and disbelief?
There, the caravans of chaos
Sweep up what lies on me
Of doubts
And conflicts.

Blame

When I come closer to you,
I blame myself;
When I abandon you,
I blame myself, too.
When I choose to disregard you,
I remember you.
Bewildered, I speculate:
What a maze, God,
You set me in.

Divergence

With tenacity,
I wash from your body;
With forgetfulness;
I wash from your eyes,
With tranquility,
From your lips.
With the pebbles of night,
From your hair.
From your nose, with the premium wine;
From your naval, with hollow murmurings;

From your legs, with speech.
Your body is absolute truth;
Why, then, I've gone astray?
Why, then, I am in pain.

Muddle

A tongue wedged in the throat;
Language jammed with tears;
A sense caught up with another sense;
Sentiments in muddle—
Aren't these signs of love?
What, then, the howl of passion would be?

Analogies

Your speech comes from the night dew;
Your belief from divinity's certainty;
Your noon
Is seductive;
On your soft legs, sun soars ruthlessly,
And moons get wounded.

Creaks

Your sun travels beyond confines;
Your speech is unexampled;
Why, then, baffled I feel?
Your eyes are ready to declare;

Your lips warily listen to Nature;
Haven't you any book,
Except listening to the creaks?

Absolute Truth

I drag vividness and vagueness,
Truth and loss of faith;
And create ceremonies for you,
And psalms.
I know,
I know,
The night is about to go,
Truth about to be
Absolute.

Chains

Your chains are but a signal of love;
Your fetters reflect closeness,
And absence, as well.
Your bottomless seas have no shores;
Always
Your jail, looking down at chasms,
Opens onto the windows of the light.
Your eye, arresting attention,
Always shines with truth.
Your earth,
That I guard with my solitude and mist,
Always displays the renewal of seasons.
What a temptation you are!
What a gap I fell into!

And why do I say – when I see you—
O, Magi,
Untie me?

Absence (1)

Once again,
I feel the desire to write about your eyes;
But when I get prepared,
Pens are suspended,
Papers
Became dry.

Absence (2)

When your eyes need to sleep,
You stretch on the horizon's brows;
When your body needs to speak,
You lay down on the azure of the sea,
And sleep.

A Fact

Let me marry the day,
It is my only window;
Let me marry the night,
It is my surveillance tower;
Let me marry Nature,
It is my language;

Let me marry the lady I love,
She is my rudiments.

A Woman

In your wilds, packed with stars and beasts;
In your day overfilled with remembrances,
And body;
In your night sleeping beyond the dark,
And writing with its washed up hands,
With turf and truth,
The histories of your solitude,
And your wakefulness, as well;
In your suns shading all the galaxies;
In your brows with their virtues and sin;
In your body that always sets up traps—
You assume the shape of everything,
Nature and its seclusion,
Truth in its aptness;
The sun and the melting of the pure noon;
Light,
And what it uncovers;
The flood and the pebbles it sweeps away;
Temptation,
And what reaches isolation;
Faith and what is determined by controlling desires;
The sky,
And what the solidness the earth cherishes;
The end
And the muddle it leaves behind;
You
You are
An absolute woman.

Sufficiency

A single day is sufficient
To fill up your pot with love;
A single sun is sufficient to light up your solitude;
A single star is sufficient
To escort you to the reality of the night;
A single moon is sufficient
To illumine your solitude;
A last word is sufficient
To reveal your routes;
A single kiss is sufficient for me
To consume your fruit,
The whole of it.

Metaphor

What are you thinking of, Night?
Your rose is wounded
At the gates of the day.

A Surprise

I know, I know,
Your sun wants to surprise the night;
Your days swab with powers and bloom;
On your elevated, shining brow,
The hot wind blows up,
Whereas twinkling stars
And moons

Glow on the verge of your galaxies.
O God!
What doubts do you write in my book?
What faith guides me
Towards you?

Windows

Your sun shades the whole truth, whereas the rose of the sphere bathe between your breasts that glow in thrill on your little dunes and limitless galaxies. Your planets stand watching while your body gathers the world in its matchlessness. Under your shade, I crave to sit; your fruit was so cute in my mouth; does what I say mean anything? Is there in my language anything similar to your essence? Why do you drop your days in my lap? Why do you leave, on my corroded gates, your heavy luggage? Here gloom is surrounding me; no flee possibly exists. Nothing more to say to you. All my words are for you; I arranged the banquets for you, but no planet announces your upcoming procession. Sense is combined with sense; each passion overlaps the other. We ran out of all provisions. Your deserts are vast and significant. Bored I am of everything, even of standing and sitting, walking and speaking. I have nothing more except silence—the only insect that accommodates with me. As you lose your tolerance, I cry / I will perish in this wilderness, no hope. As I bray or moan, language hangs in my mouth, and death dies away, the whole world disappears. O, ill-fated woman, written with the stones of tear and blood, I forgot to close my door against all your windows.

Scores of Clouds

A cloud heaving with intimacies sleeps under your terrace;

Another cloud on the rim of your shirt;
A third,
Sleeps beside your moons;
A fourth washes beneath your feet;
While a fifth cloud comes furtively
To settle between your breasts.
On your legs, a moon is bathing in thrill;
I know,
Scores of clouds are starving for you.

Summer Heat

Your Summer is roasting,
And dazzling.
On your beds, night submits to the day,
Day to the night;
On the edge of your pillows,
Valleys grow,
Routes and calamities erect.
Some rivers voyage through your fingers,
And expand to the ends of your deserts.
Your land is submerged with fertility,
Wet with a sun, unending.
The weeds of your rivers deck the sphere.
O, appealing woman:
Always I peep at you with fright;
Yet, with pity,
You look at me.

Thirst

Upon your body, printed with absolute desire, and absolute tears,
vigilance meets with sleep; truth with disbelief. In your presence, the
thing recognizes its counterpart. As your captivated sun starts to
appear, I shout:
Let rain stop falling, if I am doomed to death.

February 19, 1992

In February 19, 1992,
As I was entering the room that enclosed you,
Your name was gleaming so high;
Some star was spying on you;
As you looked like a flower,
Your body was flowing on me, pure and warm;
Your hands were working with light,
Gathering the wrecks of the world,
With the power of things and vision;
You were dusting the absence of time and space off your memory,
That started to dry up,
And wane.
The utter world was yours.
You let the void become thin;
Like stars were your eyes;
Whereas your lip, brimming with feminine passion,
Reveals abundant longing;
Your body attained esteem,
And affirmed its overwhelming existence;
Your consuming presence was as diverse as Nature.
Your breast, like a bird, was fed up with solitude.
Your lips were shining with light,
Unveiling the heat of desire and lust.
As you fling a kiss to the air,
Your words were always like a ravine,
Bristled with desire.
Your voice, like a flute, was full of overshadowing femininity,

And torment, uncontrollable.
Your eyes wink at tranquility
To pave the way.
Your body has the supreme laws of gravitation,
And the sovereignty of truth.
Your breasts announce the miraculous emergence of faith.
O, woman,
You are in a perfect shape.

Waking up

As I wake up,
And dismiss the weight of the whole night away,
I remember /
The first petite sun,
I have to meet that day,
Is you,
The perfect woman.

Strain

At your noon,
Always glinting with longing,
I shall leave a little message for the light;
To take it
With these tiny hands,
And put it in this basket of nostalgia;
As your window, closed in fear of the sun, is opened,
The horizon will be crowded with
Words.

Solitude

At many times,
He catches a moon in the space of his room,
As he takes his breakfast with solitude;
And on the these beds of tediousness,
Chases his gloom.

Grief

Many times,
He sleeps outside the night,
Never to wait for a single star to follow him.

Harshness

Many times,
He lays the day on the doorsill of the night;
Gathers his only sun under his armpits,
And walks down the streets, stealthily,
Seeking the traces of some woman
— Once he loved to death —;
As she wraps her body in the shrouds of foam
And lust,
She let her body flush in solitude,
And in the tunnels of the bed and longing;
As she completes her ten prayers,
She unveils before him,
Like a gem,
And sticks to the tops of his fingers.

When distant stars withdraw to their remote shells,
And start the raids of lust,
He exchanges delight for delight
With her;
She attacks him with her eyes, wild and lustful.
He may be mad, someday,
Due to the fears she grows in his heart.

Boredom

Many times,
He feels bored of his body,
And wishes to abandon it;
Upon each step, he says to himself:
How to expand these stones of the soul?
What to do with the pebbles of the body,
And the symphony of desire?
Ah!
If only he could grasp her bright butterflies
With his fishhook,
That knits the wind with the cloaks
Of darkness.

Chasing

.... And because his sky always bends upon the earth,
There he is,
Towing it behind his back,
Like a scandal,
Until they crumple together,
Into his chasms.

Flames

Always, he puts one of his hands on water, and picks up, with the flames of his fingers the blossoms of the breasts.

Bubbles

Many times,
He seeks shelter in darkness;
And makes his bubbles lay eggs in the space;
On the whited papers,
He always makes his frozen blood
Spit out fire.
From his books, his haven,
Words emerge with letters throwing sparkles,
And death.
As he combats with drowning,
On his eroded bed,
Nightmares appear for him,
To consume his body,
Part by part.

The Golden Fish of Froth

Many times,
He seizes language from its epiglottis;
And puts it under his shoes.
Dispassionately, he stores it in a cloth sack;
When he feels jaded with the letters that always beat him,

He throws them into the sea;
And sinks into water to collect the golden fish of froth;
And on a plate of blue oysters,
He holds with his hands,
The air.

True Life

Many times,
He says to himself:
True life is outside,
As well as the true noon of a true world.
There the sun is roving at the gates of the noon,
So plain the real fortunes will become.
Will dust understand itself?
Will the borders of the galaxy stop at the farthest point of the room?
Only him,
Knows how to wipe up the night's tears.

Sleep

Many times,
He holds his delicate creatures,
Gives them shelter,
And slices of the living body,
He gives them, too,
The vegetables of the soul screaming in the desert.
As his creatures become eternal,
He leans his noon upon the wall of solitude,
Sleeps quietly,
In a non-wakefulness state.

Vision

Many times,
He sketches her words like trees
Upon walls and houses;
And hangs her towels on the masts of light.
As rapture flows
Pure,
Hot,
And burning,
He brays for the last time,
He lets his sparrows sleep under her body.
Many times,
He wishes if only he could see!

The Red Rain of Isolation

There, the red rain of isolation is stealing into the streets of the body
and its ashtrays; standing on windows like a sign; while the soul's
rooms are vacant and chilly; nothing walks on their floor but the
worms of the body and the sawdust of time, and the premeditorial
matters of hollow lust.

A Throne

Many times,
He sleeps for a brief moment,
Sees nothing but a sun melted on the body of a woman, nude.
When he starts with her,

And she starts with him,
He wishes if he could only sleep below his body.
There, her throne is piercing into him;
A chasm he becomes.
As she uncovers her legs,
He kneels down,
Faint.

Fallacy is Everything

With my five fingers,
I shall write on the rug of the skies and earth:
Fallacy is everything;
Everything is but a handful of air.

Decay

Many times,
He gathers light and dark,
Life and death;
There he is going down the land of solitude,
To watch the lonely trains of the night,
That shrill in the wind;
And to take off the corrupted clocks of time,
And its minutes spilled on platforms and stations;
He touches nothing except the bottoms,
And the defeats of the living body.
As he stirs the earth with his fingers,
Flowing with death and gloom,
He sits at the thresholds of despair,
Like a stranger;
Under the lanterns of chaos,

He reads his prayers to death;
Steps down on the vacant glass of language.
He hears nothing except the murmurings of the body
To the body,
And the moan of the matter in corners.
Here is his reality,
Decaying.

On the Essence & Seclusion of the Human Being

(1)

The Poppy Rose

How would I reveal the reality of this sky?
How would I press the earth in my hands,
Like a cigarette,
And turn out water from the stone weeds?
How would I burn up water in coal,
And pull out truth from the sant tree of language?
How would I leave my hands work bedside this poppy rose,
And disclose the reality of death,
And its inconsistencies?

(2)

The Essence of Fullness

I am oblivion itself;
I am the truth and the bread of certainty, too;
I am death and the essence of perfection;
I am hope and despair,
In a sole basket;
I am language and the meaning of truth;
I am the thing looking for its counterpart in everything;
I am everything,
I am nobody
In the meantime.

(3)

Oxen of Isolation

On the body of the crumbling day,
Shrouded under the maps of darkness,
I write my last lyric,
With the arid ink of the sphere;
I interlace the space, with a single word, on the edge of your shirt.
I swab the so-called night;
And in the wet memory of the day,
I let the troops of anarchy sleep,
All the time;
On this pillow of the horizon,
I let solitude roam,
As isolation tows its night oxen,
And, suddenly, starts to remember.

(4)

Aged Hours

What about yesterday, sloping hurriedly into the abyss?
What about the time I pack in this flask of desolation,
And inconsistencies,
To pour it on the gates of aged hours,
And share my delights always on vestiges,
And with the bats of darkness,
I take another shape?

(5)

Anguish of the Ashes

How would I write about the hours of isolation

With the ink of language?
And announce the marriage of day and night,
Under the roof of eternity?
How would I proclaim the anguish of the ashes to the rose tree?
Beneath the glory of surprise,
And the galaxy of frailty,
There,
Chaos is besieging all my realms.

(6)

Under the Shade of the Sphere

O, woman,
Sitting under the shade of the sphere,
And always leaning her head upon the edges;
Your body, flowing between a letter and a letter,
Writes with his tremulous hands,
On the papers of thunder storms /
I am your words, O, man;
Your symbols are my eyes;
My lips are your book always soaked with tears;
My body is your seductive bed and your secrets, as well;
So, gather your notebooks, inkpots, pens, lamps,
And sit in peace and glee,
Under the roof of my home,
So, my grapes and apples would fall down on you;
Lean your head upon the edge of the body.....
I will teach you,
What you know not.

(7)

Not A Single Cloud, There

Your bread is baked with the squeal of language,
And the lead of letter and the coal of truth.
Your papers combine the sea and the sky in one bowl;
Your days are pure,
Not a single cloud, there;
No shade for me,
So I could sleep on this pillow of the sphere.

(8)

What Connotations for Your Name?

How could I reside peacefully with you,
While the soul is following me
Like a sin;
And the pearls of tears mount up on cheeks
Like signs;
Because I discarded your grief and solitude?
Your roads are craggy,
And I am confused.
What connotations for your name,
That emerges dimmed with the dawn,
And the odors of overpowering womanliness?
Glittering is your gold...
Even in this dark.

(9)

Worthless Psalms

Should I sing all night,
While my psalms are so worthless?

My throat knows not how to knit language with the essence of language.

What appealing days you have!

What thirsty dawn!

(10)

Horizon's Noon

As I was speaking about your eyes,

Hiding behind my heart,

Your hands,

Knowing pretty well how to brush off the horizon's noon,

Were writing on the giant wall of eternity /

Here

The world is being born,

For the first time.

(11)

The Garden of Eternity

Your sun is far-flung,

And full of heresies;

Your writings reflect chaos;

Your shoes shade the garden of eternity;

Within vision,

The bird of isolation stands,

Dusting off the weeds of the body,

And its requests,

With his beak.

As he bites off this decomposed apple of time,

He submits to peacefulness and alertness.

Your moons disclose the truth of the night.

As the day leans upon the delicate stick of the night,
He lets the cloaks of darkness
Drip on walls,
Then stop at windows;
Why, then, stare you at the dark?
Why does the day pursue you,
Since it is drowned in spying acts?
A writing of truth is your body,
And matchless.

(12)

The Moon of Temptation

Who is that lady leaning upon agony
With her ruins?
Who is she that sets up her throne on fire?
And knows how to build a fence round gloom?
And sleeps under the white moon of temptation,
Without taking refuge in Hell?

(13)

All through Valleys

Bizarre to me is this isolation of yours;
Your icons are made of words and burning coal;
From the evergreen velvet of light your breast are made;
Your eyes wink,
Flash,
Provoke,
And live by means of language and enchantment;
Sands and pebbles overhear
Your prayers that reverberate all through the valleys,

And the day waits for them upon sunrises and sunsets;
The night welcomes you,
And gains meaning;
On your terraces,
The day performs his ablution,
With the blood of the deceased.

(14)

Your Pearls Inhabit the Sphere

What a gulf you throw your lovers into?
In what well you conceal your meteors
That shine upon the furthestmost places?
Your pearls inhabit the sphere;
The trinkets of your boots spread out in all corners;
In the pure lagoon of your eyes,
Words reach their haven...!
On what hill,
You set up the traps of your rules?
This is, then, your essence,
O, the gold of emeralds.
The honey of speech;
The drunken grapes of the night,
These are, then, your old songs.
O, the amulet of lovers of all sexes, all colors,
All corners and straits.
This is, then, the gold of your lips,
And the fantasies of your words,
O, leaven of the sky and earth,
And sarcenet of the sea,
This is the end of your meanings.

(15)

Your Meaning

Your words are more commanding than symbol;
Your symbol is more commanding than sign;
Your signs are the paramount of what I aspire at.
Your meaning, for me, is more commanding than sky and earth;
What, then, will be my meaning besides you,
Since you are the charming,
Mistress of meaning?

(16)

The Hell of Desire

I seek your refuge from all that is deceased,
And dim;
I seek your refuge from faith and atheism;
I seek your refuge from the gold of the body,
And the hell of desire at the noons of decay and unconcern.
I seek your refuge from the constancy of the meaning,
And the shakiness of the letter,
Or visa versa.
I seek your refuge from the shuddering of the image,
The wounds of senses,
The deformation of vision,
And the scandal of the soul as it unveils before the eternity of the
matter.
I seek your refuge from the corrosion of passions,
As they widely proclaim
Your closeness,
And arrival.

(17)

Insight

I seek your harbor from the treachery of insight,
The decomposition of language,
And the murkiness of the dawn,
Since your dawn has neither murkiness nor wavering,
And no shape for your heresies,
No limit for your words.
I seek your harbor from all signs that lead not to you,
And from all symbols that encircle nobody but you.
How would your words define you to me?
I feel agony and distress,
I feel humbleness, as well,
O, Maker Woman!

(18)

Sightlessness

I seek your haven from all signs that escort me not,
Since I am unsighted and baffled,
Towards your place.

(19)

A Night Lantern

I seek your sanctuary from all roads you dwell not in;
I seek your sanctuary from all lights that never seize the reality of his
ablution
From the reality of your glow;
But you are a night lantern.

(20)

With senses, I Catch You

I seek your safe haven from all vigilance that does not lead to fever;
From all fever that leads not to vigilance and glee.
Your fever shakes the earth beneath my feet;
Your shaking is the stillness of motion,
And the motion's denial of stillness.
As I fall unconscious, I see;
Unconscious again,
I see once more;
I see you,
I catch you with my senses,
And shape.

(21)

The Heart of the Portrait

On your roads, light and gloom,
Good and evil,
Life and death,
Meaning and the appearance of meaning—
Combat together.
At your gates, darkness guards its own meaning,
And faith loses eyesight.
In your skies, shadows are always crushed;
Nothing is written on the edges except signs.
I rise over you;
Your hill is too high;
I gulp you,
Your cloud is so dry;
I gaze on you,

Your face is invisible;
I see you in another form between vigilance and sleep,
Truth and doubt,
Life and death;
You are the heart of the portrait,
So don't relinquish- all the time- the center, because the center is
now attached to the ocean, and the ocean has rushed into the coast;
nothing appears to us except the bay; nothing before, nothing after-
kisses and separation are two human signs with no real existence, as
we are close to the outskirts of Hell.

(22)

Traces of Travel

On your vases, decked with trinkets,
Birds come from distant areas to stand in a file,
Traces of travel appear on them,
As well as the malice of the road
That language can not define;
And that neither symbols nor signs
Can understand.

(23)

Light Loses His Mind

On the edges of your night lamps,
Light loses his mind,
Darkness stands like a person, exterminated;
The sky is folded up in one side;
And as you wake up in the morning,
You throw stars like gems in the roads;
Stars –

Not sands or pebbles.

(24)

On Each Pinnacle

Your trees are notably imminent on each pinnacle;
With every step,
You capture attention.

(25)

The Sun's Bottle

Your eyes ramble in the sphere,
And wipe dust up the sun's bottle;
With your hands,
You heal the wounds of every lover,
While you stand in pain.

(26)

Flow of Valleys

Into your seven galaxies,
Valleys flow with water,
And the reality of insight becomes futile;
Truth turns out to be fantasy;
Fantasy to be truth, too.
What desolation is this I meet you in?
What magic is this that pursues you,

As a trap?

(27)

Waking Up

On your gates, startling gems glitter,
So ears become alert,
Eyes become awake;
Vision become acute;
As for shaking hands,
This is the end of the tale.

(28)

Burning

Your dawn is always born
Underneath vestiges;
Your fires always burn up the horizon.

(29)

The Heat of Whining Womanliness

Your truth catches something from everything /
From the absence of ashes.
From the lust of roses;
From the heat of whining womanliness;
From the sweat of hot gold;
From the sarcenet of metals;
From the warmth of leaden;

From the truth of doubt and the absurdity of certainty;
From the presence of absence,
And the absence of presence;
From the leaven of knowledge;
From the ruins of unawareness;
From the harmony between form and content
To the point of weightlessness;
From the emergence of death in the living body;
From the existence of death in a cell;
From the disintegration of language in a letter;
From the intimate relation between a letter and a letter;
From the velvet of light,
From the trembling of shade in the heart of the portrait;
From the pie of truth,
To the perfection of desire.

(30)

Your Eternity is Sempiternity

Your truth, that always proclaims salvation,
Drags certainty and subjugates it;
And releases light.
As it throws darkness into the horizon,
It speaks all languages;
Obstructs every tongue,
And every meaning.
Your vigilance is fever,
Your deviation is faith;
Your eternity is sempiternity;
Your Sempiternity is eternity;
Your "A" is "Z";
Your "Z" is a tyrant "A".
Do words possess any body,
So we could hold it?
What a sinful, unconstrained anarchy you have!

What a wretched soul following you!

(31)

Starless

I cry:
Your flags are raised on each turn,
Mine are raised only on chaos;
Evergreen is your sun,
Mine dry and fading;
Your words are the spirit of language,
Mine are dust;
Your brow is gorgeous, and knows how to bathe with light;
While I am dim at night,
With no stars gleaming in the horizon;
Your defeats, that I take for mine,
Are tinted on my body,
Like a story of a monarch,
Beaten,
But with conquests.

(32)

O, Saintly Woman

I want to seize you with a pen;
To spy on your eyes, warily,
So that I wouldn't flow out;
I want to capture your space,
Hug it.
O, saintly woman,
And mediator,
Some of your volcanoes reside in me;

In your quakes, never to stop,
There is something that supports this breaking up horizon.

(33)

Where Are You?

Your mysteries coagulate truth;
Your words beat doubt,
And truth, as well;
So, where are you
To know about you
With your, sometimes.

(34)

Absolute Gold

In your rivers flowing throughout your fingers,
And pour on the dome,
What enlarges the emerald parts in the garden of your eyes;
Your never-ending wheat suffices to fill up the earth with glee,
And with absolute gold, as well;
On your water tanks, crammed with intimacy,
Each bird stands,
Waiting for
An answer.

(35)

Sweat Shimmers Between Your Breasts

On your lips, bestowed with gems and pearls,
Letters blossom like buds;
But meanings stream out of your eyes,
Like facts;
Your trinkets shine on the sea,
While sweat shimmers between your breasts,
Like drops of rare stone.

(36)

O,Tailor of the World

As you fall in a brief sleep,
The day trembles,
And the night faints away;
As your lips open,
The lonely moon of darkness is upset;
As I see you,
I cry:
O, Tailor of the world,
Weave me.

(37)

The Galaxy Woman

Make room for another time;
Make room for
For a last isolation;
Nothing looks like this woman—
This galaxy woman.

(38)

Your Body Erects So High

Your sun is always cloaked with the milk of kisses,
And night grapes;
Your tight hands seize the shores of the day, adroitly;
On the coasts of my heart,
Drowned with leaden, tin, and gold of the horizon,
Your body erects, unclothed;
Your name soars so high;
Your breasts uncover the reality of isolation,
While your eyes are two stars,
Tumbling in the galaxy of temptation.

(39)

A Waning Star

Nothing looks like this hand,
That weaves the bitter orange rose
Round my heart,
And wipe frost out of my doorsills.
What a day is that you keep behind bolted doors?
What skies you lull?
What a night you comb your gorgeous hair with,
And wait behind a waning star?

(40)

Resemblance

Your body departs desolation;
Enjoys the serenity of light,

And resembles eternity.

(41)

Night Dew

Are your seas made of the night dew?
Does your essence emerge from the alphabets of language and letters?
Is your absence
The only evidence of your unending presence?
Why your subject always confounds me?
Take care, my muddle,
Isn't her illusion mine, too?

(42)

Margins

Make room for another time,
And a last oblivion.

(43)

Like An Idiot I stand Before Your Doctrines

On your navel,
Kings combat with swords,
And crowns crack on its gates;
May be,
You look at them with neither intimacy nor compassion,

And step upon their thrones, without remorse.
You always do whatever you like.
You steal into my heart,
Like a drop of the night dew,
Waiting for the lonely morning sun.
How would I write you on the linen of language,
Since I have no other language but you;
Here I am standing like an idiot
Before your doctrines.

(44)

The Visible and the Invisible

How would I define you to everything /
Time, space, life, death,
The visible and the invisible,
While your delicate fingers play with the orchestra
Of the sphere,
A tune of feebleness.

(45)

The Cloaks of Absence

Your nights are adequate only for the lovers and the hungry;
Your bread is made of the dough of absolute love.
Let me look at you, woman,
Warped in the cloaks of absence,
And the hallucinations of presence,
Let your name be sanctified,
Sanctified your nights,
Sanctified your emeraldlike day,
As you are lodged in the soil of pericardium!!

(46)

The Body's Firewood

These futile battles; these pointless wars; this filthy eternity; the trains of surprise; the night rooms roofed with sin and mercilessness; the grapes of darkness opening up onto the night coasts; the wind's writing with the body's firewood; the words of leaden and wood; the whistling of the soul howling in empty lands; the neck of the rose as it smashes in rain; the question of belief and unbelief; the hours of remorse and gloom; the trick of the senses as well as their hospitality; the sofas of delight as you start accepting and rejecting; the death of truth on the body of a woman sleeping naked, or semi-naked; the melancholy of the choking moan that never reveals the reality of death; the death of truth; the writing of prisoners on the pale glass of the void; the prayers of slaves in darkness; the night's whims; your pure deserts; your salty waters; the vigilance of the day as it follows your steps, while it knows, pretty well, the meaning of death and youth; your words that look like thunder and lightening; the emeralds of your eyes as they give life and take it away; the diminishment of hope; the unceasing quest for peace; your constant sarcasm of destiny; your dimness on the threshold of faith—all these are yours.

(49)

The Geography of the Heart

Your trees always look down at the edges;
Your moon escorts the night towards the slopes,
They stroll together like two amorous children;
Your hyacinths, that obsess time for long,

Always camp before your boundless isolation,
And stamp with the ring of love,
The geography of the heart;
Your commanding quietness in the hours of regret and gloom
Makes a rubber ball out of eternity,
Whereon the day could swab some of his sorrows.

(50)

Signs

Here you are,
Interlacing the horizon to the extreme end of your cloaks;
And round your fingers,
Decked with the sweat of paradises and anklets of rivers,
The time loops as a ring,
And sarcenets recognize so easy;
This is besides the signs that flow out of your body.

(51)

Her Noon

Your noon outwits all noons.
O, woman crowned with lightening,
How did you emerge?
How did your labor pains take place?
And how sits this day beneath your feet,
Like a plant?

(52)

Throughout Your Fingers

Letters speak to you;
All rivers run throughout your fingers,
And stream beneath your feet;
Suns push the stars away,
To settle between your lips.
Why do the words you pronounce
Sound like coal in fire?
Why is your writing a mark of death and life?

(53)

Traces of Your feet on Iron & Stone

The traces of your feet are printed on iron and stone;
Your neck erects for a goal only to it known;
Pebbles speak to you;
Winds echo your name;
A torrent of signs and valleys—
Your eyes.

(54)

Wounds

Writing you,
My hands are wounded;
Reading you,
I lose eyesight;
Hearing you,
My other senses are confounded;
Touching you,

All fires start.

(55)

Features

How do you come
Since you are the meaning of absence?
How do you leave,
Since you are the reality of presence?

(56)

O, Woman

O, Woman /
Neither light, nor vigilance, nor the reality of the rose, nor perfection,
nor imperfection, nor insight, nor senses, nor desire, nor gloom, nor
regret, nor remorse, nor vanishing, nor melting, nor the sun, nor the
moon, nor the reality of hiding, nor the reality of appearance, nor
absence, nor rapture, nor unawareness, nor delight, nor curse, nor
will, nor belief, nor unbelief, nor the visible, nor the invisible—
None of these could tie me to you or take you away.

(57)

As the Day Encircles Me with Its Hands

As my desire burns up,
I set fire also in the dawn;
As the day encircles me with its hands,
I pick up the only star of the dawn,

And prolong;
As I become dim,
Words dash into my lips,
So that I do nothing but weep and moan;
As I stare at you,
I peep at the sun
That burns me.

(58)

The Sofa of Desire

As I stretch on the sofa of desire,
I embrace the whole world,
And discover it.

(59)

The Bird of Solitude

Water arises from your rivers that never dry up,
To carry the sky on its shoulders.....;
I always cling to your eyes glowing with certainty,
Because they are the truth;
The traces of your shoes are the last petite planets falling upon the
sea;
Your remnants are language;
Your letters are writings for fortune-tellers that teach people magic;
On your high trees
Stands the bird of solitude,
Bending upon the desire's sofa;
Why does silver in your eyes say nothing?
Your secret hides between chest and spine;
On the leaven of your body, all elements merge;

Do you look like nature?
If nature speaks,
It will only uncover the plumpness of your breasts
Under sun's light,
Gleaming so high.
Beneath your steps,
Rush the trees of speech with their tremulous leaves;
A little green moon mounts in dark;
On your delicate fingers,
There are traces of a guitar;
As the night plays its last song,
An astray star looks at you;
Your grapes not only composes sugar,
But confounds the mind;
Your air,
Not only breeds oblivion in memory,
But affects vision, too.

(60)

Burn up Candles for Her

When I remember you,
I feel an absolute world lying under this navel ;
Longing blows up;
Desire intensifies.
Light up lanterns for her,
Else, she will get bored;
Burn up candles for her,
Else, she will be petrified;
On your beds, lighted with desire and vigor,
Always the moon of oblivion stands;
On the rims of your blankets,
A bird fulfils its desire,
And stays the rest of his nights there.

These are your rules,
Then.

(61)

Remembrance

Why do you always remember these words?
"Love is never drowned by abundant water;
Never swamped by torrents."

(62)

Vacation

Is it because you can not confess,
You let your eyes talk?
Is it because you set the morning free every day in a vacation,
You stand at the window of the dawn,
And trail the day wherever it goes?
Is it because you hide the sun in your fingers,
You control language of the light?
Is it because you tie up round your waist the tears of lovers,
You abandon, on roads,
Those who raise only your name,
And know only your routes?

(63)

Throwing Myself into the Bay

On the waves of your sea,

I take off my pants,
And throw myself into the bay;
Here I am,
Fighting not to drown.

(64)

Fervor

Your dawn rises from all corners;
A luxury is your fervor.

(65)

A Little Pause

At the shores of your warm eyes,
I shall pause a little,
Until my pants dry up;
I shall throw myself to the last ships
Traveling so far from gravitation.

(66)

Rugged Roads

Your fish are floating round my heart;
Your roads are rugged,
Trodden only by the deceased.

(67)

Belqais

Why do I always remember Belqais,
As I write your eyes?
For the last time,
I will tell you, moaning lady,
I love you.

(68)

In the Gale' s Companionship

Let me incline upon you,
Else, I will fall into the abyss;
- There, lovers are waiting for your emergence in all corners-
Enfold me with songs because her words chunk all avenues before
me,
Eat up all my energy,
And forbid hearing, seeing, and touching.
Her body becomes fragments, and fire,
As she stands in the gale.
Her eyes glisten as though to infiltrate the sphere.
Her breasts never abandon their places, there
On the emerald of the chest,
While they roam in spaces like two celestial lumps,
Never to age.
Will they stir the corners of desire,
While their discourse is undefined and unrevealed by any language,
Before?
Her hair travels beyond the limits of gravitation,
Accompanies the gale to distant woods
Towards the eternity of ecstasy.
I will wait for you, mediator,
At each turn with no hope.

Everywhere, I shall set up observatories,
Maybe
They will help me see a glimpse of you,
Or find my way with your fires' aid;
The fires you burn every dawn.
I shall grip them with my hands;
Peaceful and cool,
They will be.

(69)

Your Elegant Crazyiness

What would I say about your elegant crazyiness,
Looking like burning coal?

(70)

A Shock

With my two hands,
I shall take the charming dress off you,
And bear this moment of shock;
Your sleep is a shock;
A shock is your wakefulness, too.

(71)

Ability

I shall blow off in you,
And alter you into a bird.

(72)

Your Speech That Looks Like God's Velvet, Always

Your rain captures attention,
As it is garlanded with symbols and signs;
At the slope of this torrent,
You set fire in the last cloaks of darkness.
There, your speech that looks like God's velvet,
Stands at the gates of eternity,
To read the world,
And define it.
Are you but mere lies?
Or the truth that creates inconsistencies?

(73)

Panic

In your roads, always colonized by idiots,
Lovers never come but singly;
As for those in need,
They stop hearing, looking, and speaking,
Else, they lose guide.

(74)

Treason Against Language

Your writing is a treason against language itself;
Your reading requests eternity;

As for revelation,
Say whatever you like.

(75)

My Boats Traveling Beyond Gravitation

Are your legs really settled upon two bases of pure gold?
Are they, in essence, two bars of smoke?
What about your sun that erects in memory like bells?
Under your home's roof,
Lamps extend,
And a lonely moon glitters on walls.
O, wave that corrodes the shores,
Isn't there a moment to pick up my drowned persons,
And sew up my boats that travel beyond gravitation,
And get ready for you,
As you get ready for me?
Your orbits are eternity, itself.

(76)

Absence & Presence

Ah!
Her absence is magnificent;
More magnificent is her presence.

(77)

Roaming Gloomily on the Shores

Why should I roam, gloom and hollow,
Like a pirate,
Carrying salty memories,
While this lonely star stands on the line of horizon,
That hangs down
Deep
In the space around me?

(78)

As the Body Quivers

What would I do with these heaps of chaos,
Sand hours,
Azure,
The pointless quandary of waiting,
As the body quivers to suck another body,
Or when an eyelid winks to an eyelid?

(79)

Piling up Chaos

How would I pile up chaos between my lips?
Carry time behind my back like a corpse?
Maybe,
I will set fire in time;
Consume the horizon, unfeelingly;
Throw the aging hours on the wall of temptation.
Ah!
Her absence is magnificent,
More magnificent her presence!

(80)

Yielding to the Minutes of Isolation

I can yield to the minutes of isolation,
And details of temptation.
Why does a body nod to another body,
While language never nods to a letter?
How would I pull out my hands
To rescue a sinking star in the bottom?
I clutch to the radiance of your eyes
As they flicker like two meteors
Passing
Through the shells of the dark,
And the galaxies of unbeing;
How would I sleep embracing my labyrinths?

(81)

Like A Roc, Time Sleeps

Your temptations are too weighty for me;
But the sun of your isolation is pitiless;
Here is time sleeping, peacefully like a roc
In your garden,
While holding, with its ringing hands,
My sun that squeezes.

(82)

Blind Accidents

Here I am

Treading on the edges of memory;
Carrying the sawdust if unbeing,
Like a pile of thorny reminiscences;
Then, I leave all alone,
On this lagoon of absence,
And blind accidents,
Never knowing which way to go,
Or where a gorge might be hiding for me.

(83)

Moons Tumbling in a Sky of Fantasies

I incline upon the ladders of letters;
Sleep before a lonely wild rose;
Befriend a number of moons tumbling in a sky of fantasies;
Never to fraternize except unbeing and remorse;
And ask /
Why chasm stares only at me?
Why to the air I always clutch?

(84)

This Pavilion of the Sphere

I drive the trees of sand and Indian fig off this pavilion of the sphere;
And sweep the dust off the skies with my tiny hands;
And know that the glass of language is hollow;
You are the truth,
And its counterpart, as well.

(85)

While I Was Sitting at the Seashore

That Summer.
While I was sitting at the seashore,
All of a sudden you come into sight
As a drowned star,
That looks like a giant shark,
Dragging the sun and the moon behind her;
Then you stopped to ask me/
"Anything I can do for you, sir?"
When I started to speak,
She became dim,
And vanished.

(86)

Trees of Anarchy

On the sofas of lust blossom the trees of anarchy,
And stars stroll freely;
Maybe,
Galaxies will gather with valleys and froth, too.
In the essence of the letter lies the eternity of question,
And the sempiternity of reply.
Here I am...
Like a last tree blowing up in the galaxy.

(87)

Till the Beginning of the Dawn

Why does your burned, white blood,
O, rose

Gather every night,
On these tables of metaphor,
And stay,
Till the beginning of the dawn?
And when I ask you a question,
No reply I receive,
But tears?

(88)

As Time Swings

I have no appetite to speak;
I only need
To sit with this rose;
I have no appetite to narrate,
Only
I need to hang the writing of a cloud on the sweater of a gale.
Why do I always remember your eyes,
O, star,
When I am in the heart of a quake?
Does it have to do with death?
Or life?
Or is it that love is as burly as death?
I need to arrest the light,
As time swings on the eyelid of the sphere.

(89)

Setting up the Net of Tears

No more I do care about time or place;
Only,
I write your name on the walls of the body,

And set up the net of tears,
As a last attempt,
To catch the butterfly of the aged memory;
And befriend the only language woman knows –body;
I shall smash signs and symbols
With these shovels;
I shall eliminate what I want;
And register what I know in the notebooks of loss;
Betwixt the circles of eliminating and registering,
I quench, completely,
Like a shining moon.

(90)

For That He Became Insane

I demolish the reality of question and answer;
Why was Nietzsche obsessed by this woman
To that degree?
Was Heraclitus aware that it is important go to the sea twice?
And that the sky is a female?
Was Nietzsche seeking in Salome's body
The opium of desire,
And the cubes of lust?
Or he only knew that her body conceals
Treasures of temptation,
And the reality of knowledge,
More than he could see?
That is why,
He became insane of what he saw.

(91)

Seeking An Honorable Death

Here he is seeking an honorable death
In the air of honorable feminism, too;
And sitting under the roof of language,
To set up a home of the sour air of feminism,
And register the histories of lust,
And what lies beyond lust;
- The body, itself, is not the problem-
The problem is beyond the body.

(92)

Zarathustra

Did he know that Zarathustra is the prophet to come?
For the time to come?
And the past to come?
So he spoke according to what he saw and what he not;
And pronounced his desertion of the body;
And started to tread on the edges of galaxies with his feet,
Making deals with the wind?
Why did he speak about power?
Why did he see in the upcoming man,
An answer to the eternal quandary—
God?
Did Man alternate God?
Was he blowing up what he called —metaphysics,
And myth, sometime?
Was he only yielding to absolute beauty?
Why did you do what you did,
Salome?

(93)

Beyond Time

I put up with all inconsistencies;
And run under the strain of questions.
Why did you say to me, Hiraclitius/
It is not possible to get to the sea twice?
Here is the tart air of the sun,
The same stickiness of the body, and the sands of lust;
The same foam;
The same aging womanliness;
The same sour wind;
The same desire that stains the windows of the body;
Eternity is the same;
Time is a quandary;
Chaos and vanity lie beyond time;
The same void and the world of atoms;
The same imagination setting fire in symbol;
The same sempiternity and the same Holy Ghost;
The same knowledge and same the reality of death;
The same corrosion of the body and the same evaporation of the
soul;
Or the same eternity of the soul and evaporation of the body.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
- Who compressed the air in a single pile?
Who ascended to the sky and came down? -
Void Void Void!!

(94)

Swamp of the Body

What means ecstasy and what is the reality of sin?
What means power and what is the reality of evil?
What means a night stripping off the day,
And day abandoning the night?

What means absolute light?
And absolute dark?
What is the reality of eternity?
How could I stare, with my eyes,
Into the vacant well of sempiternity?
What means death? What its reality could be?
What means misery? What is hope?
What means the utter impotence?
And the decay of the soul?
What means the swamp of the body with gloom?
Would he stand on the verge of an abyss?
Would he discard himself to bats of darkness to consume him?
What would he do with the monotony of madness?
And the powerlessness of logic?

(95)

A Terrace in Eden

How would I travel towards your eyes,
Looking like isolation?
To step down on your infinite land,
Besieged by gum and bitterness?
O, woman,
Who stands at the terrace of Eden to watch the temptations of Hell;
And at the coast of Hell to set her night birds free
Towards the day,
Her day birds towards the night.
Nothing separates her from eternity but the laughs of flavorsome
vigilance;
Nothing separates her from flavorsome vigilance,
But the shores of eternity and sempiternity.
O, woman,
Who holds in her hands the fate of everything:
Life and death;
Dream and the tree of wakefulness;

Sleep and expansiveness;
Lust and sacred desire.
Your arms are made of diamond, lilies
And the juices of precious stone;
Your lips are two eternal words,
Imprinted with the giant ring of divinity,
Nobody could reveal them,
Whatever he knows of your secrets,
That you keep hidden in bottomless holes in the skies,
And the earth.
Your body has no coasts, and cannot be compared even to utter
skies.
The stars of your eyes only gaze at you,
Though they are indulged in watching the world.
Your hands are a bliss shading the world.
Pity has no other meaning but the winks of your eyes,
As they Flow.

(97)

A Heap After A Heap

Here I am,
Building my kingdom on earth;
Pulling the velvet of the skies,
With the fishhook of insight;
And sitting lonely on the brink of a chasm;
Toying with darkness;
Sweeping up death;
Piling it a heap after a heap;
Throwing it to the air;
Then I stretch my feet
To stand, lonely, on the brink,
To observe the sun and the moon,
As they war together,
And laugh,

Far off from gravitation.

(98)

Hitting My Head at the Train of Darkness

I hit my head at the train of darkness;
Some pebbles hover on the surface of memory,
Winds attack them;
Your dawn jumps on roads;
Finally,
The moon of melancholy falls down.

(99)

Gulping the Milk of the Seductive Azure

I drag my fatigued legs,
And eat the apples of dust;
The trees of ecstasy split up on roads;
There, the pebbles of desire disperse in routes.
At last, the grapes of the body fall down;
So, I drive darkness with my hands away;
And stir the leaven of the galaxy;
And with my hands,
I gulp the milk of the seductive azure;
And sleep a guest in the stars' home.

(100)

The aging of the Body

I proceed and say what I see with no words;
I roll the aging of the body;
And put the galaxy in a deserted, desolate corner in my room.
On the night's windows, the mountain of darkness ascends,
And commits suicide,
In its ceaseless quarrel with time.
Here I am,
Sweeping up the coal streets with an aged language;
And seek shade in my barren noon.
Is there another alphabet pliable to my meaning?
Is there another discourse
Adequate to what I know?

(101)

The Gale's Murmurs

How gorgeous is your absence, woman!
What would the color of your eyes be,
As they explain eternity,
And listen to the gale's murmurs?

(102)

A Shelterless World

How would I disband my self,
And reassemble it?
How would I sleep on this pillow of the sphere?
How would I sleep with the wind in a detached room
- on the wet ashes of isolation-
And compose our songs together?
While your dim dawn sneakily enters
To sleep

Beside me,
I know how to disband my self,
And reassemble it;
There, the world has no more shelter.

(103)

The Rose of the Sphere

Your words are movable,
O, gale,
Time inclines upon them,
And pauses with its drunken ships,
And grimy nets;
Your sun, woman,
Looks at my bottoms;
There, the rose of the sphere is budding.

(104)

The Sterile Bottoms of Sleep

Once again, I descend to the sterile bottoms of sleep, shrouded with the innocence of the body, and the fables of desire; and always quench on the rims like a pirate speaking about the absence of the sea, on a buried continent. As I extend my hands to grip the world's leaven, and its shattered suns on the sands of galaxies, I seize nothing but the senses of time; then I step delicately on the cracks of death and nothingness; and put my hands in my pocket, as I drag, behind me, what was and what will be.

(105)

As She Strolls, Naked

Eternity is rising on me with the radiance of its sun,
While she strolls, naked,
On the borders the four winds;
God is holding with His hands the weed of truth,
And throws it to the deep air,
So it falls in fragments like galaxies,
Coming from a profound space.
Here I am,
Stirring with my crippled hands the mud of the galaxy,
And strolling naked between the thing
And its counterpart;
What would I do in this hour of sleep?

(106)

As He Tows His Isolation

He tows his isolation,
As he lays the sun on a fragile seat,
And smokes his solitary cigarette fervently,
And slides down to a woman's body,
Sleeping semi-naked.

(107)

Unarmed, He Sleeps

He squeezes his time like a wrap,
As he sleeps unarmed,
Dreaming of nothing but the stars;
And so, the clouds smolder him.

(108)

Wiping up the Dust of the Skies and the Earth with His Hands

He, too, dreams to sleep naked,
Among the sun planets,
Never to take a friend except the gale.
What a beautiful strange woman!
As he stretches his feet upon the margin of the sphere,
And wipes up the dust of the skies and the earth;
Never to take an ally except the day and night,
In the presence of a daisy flower;
Never to hear except her body.

(109)

Between the Two Bases of Her Marble Breasts

Why do I compare your eyes always to the sphere,
O, bizarre beautiful woman?
This he said about a woman he profoundly loved,
And chose for himself;
As he speaks to himself about the sweat
Flowing down the two bases of her marble swelling breasts,
Looking like the honey of Eden.

(110)

Touching the Body

As he was laying the woman, semi-naked,

On the sofas of copper and lust,
He touched the body,
With his monitoring hands.

(111)

Skies Sleep Gracefully Between the Legs

Between the brawny,
Swelling legs,
A red moon sits lonely,
And skies gracefully sleep,
While the day is blazing
With lusts.

(112)

Lover of Lusts

On the edges of your hair, lover of lusts,
The night rambles freely;
And leans upon his moons, countless;
As he rambles lonely, as usual,
On your infinite coasts,
He knew for the first time,
The true meaning of darkness.
He said to himself /
Nothing kills me except my images.

(113)

Your Speech

Through your lips fluid with honey,
I realized,
Your speech never looks like the alphabet;
As you always need to sing,
The winds blow in canes.

(114)

What Would He Do with the Clouds He Cages in His Pocket?

At night,
As far as I could remember,
As he was dragging his single astray star behind him,
Leaning upon his wooden stick,
That accompanied him since he was a child,
Till the end of his dreams and nightmares,
He paused to remember -suddenly- that star.
Where and when they met? And...
What would he do with the clouds that he cages in his pocket,
As if they were parts, fading away?
As he moved,
He was leaning his words upon the demolished walls of the world,
Stopping to read about the reality of the night;
May be,
He was performing his ablution day and night,
Five times,
With his own blood.

(115)

Stopping On my Home's Roof

Is it because you befriend the light,

And sleep with the gale in a single room,
You always say /
This sea always comes down from the sky?
That star always stops on my home's roof,
To watch the day stripping off the night,
The night stripping off the day,
And the piercing of the living body into the leaven of the living body,
As it mounts up chaos,
And roams gracefully,
On the coasts of eternity.

(116)

The Buttocks of the Abyss

So, the day sits lonely on the doorsills of the night,
As he tells about the aging of time;
There, he rubs his fingers,
Tainted with yesterday's and today's blood,
Touching nothing but the buttocks of the abyss.
Night is the eternal companion of the day;
It hides into him, now.
Eternity is the image of God;
Nothing beyond.

(117)

Azhar Fadil

I remember, too,
The beautiful Azhar used to compose the world's leaven with her
body,
And knead dust in his absolute figure,
As she was heating, with her lustful hands,

The wine of desire,
On the sofa of delight.
As the fabulous body heats up
With the fabulous body,
God's words spread out on earth.

(118)

As you Sit before God's Gate

She used to say to me /
Why do you pull all these suns,
As you sit before God's gate?
Why do you knead the tin of sex with the salient gold of feminism?
Your deserts embrace eternity and sempiternity in one bowl;
Do you always speculate about death?
I ought to wash up off your body for five times,
At day and night;
I ought to stop at the essence of the matter,
So I could look upon the borders of the body,
And its wonders,
As it rolls in your hands like a dough,
And flows between my legs like a bubble.
I ought to dry up my organs with the dampness of the matter,
The tin of sex,
And the lustrous gold of lust—
This is what she used to say.

(119)

Knitting

How would I liberate myself from my body, and knit the matter to the matter with nothing similar to the matter, but truth in its perfection?

(120)

Avenues of Darkness

Sometimes,
I walk in the avenues of darkness,
And stare, with my two eyes full of spiders of the space;
Then, stop before an astray star and say /
Those are my vestiges,
Scattered.

(121)

Climbing Her Streets, Lonely

Sometimes,
I give my back to the sky,
Wipe up the dust of darkness with the velvet of the body;
And stay under the shade of a lonely woman,
I know how to climb her streets,
Lonely.

(122)

A Talk with Eternity

I ask /
What is this woman looking for?

What pastes the reality of the body to this reality of the body?
How would I measure the distance between the height of the breast
And the land of the bronze legs?
Between the paradise of the naval to the sarcenet of the neck?
How would my shadow sit, wounded,
Under this cloud of armpits?
Would this breast justify the inferiority of light to the body,
And show how it works?
Why softly whispers the wind on the disc of the buttocks?
Why should I and eternity sit
To talk about this woman,
In particular?

(123)

The luxurious Milk of Sleep

I make bitter coffer of the luxurious milk of sleep;
And gaze at the vapor soaring in circles and rings,
From the bottom of the sea;
And seize the butterfly of the body,
And speak as always about this rose.

(124)

Spells of rain

I pull down the avalanche of meaning with the ruins of language,
And disperse in all spaces like spells of rain.
My be, I ask /
What is truth?
Is death a mountain woodcutter, too,
To bombard the light,
And interlace the relics always on the floors of the dust?

(125)

Seats of Inbeing

I enter into these bottoms of sleep,
pull the bin of nightmares,
Stroll lonely on the seats of inbeing.
Why, every time, emerges for me
This particular woman?
Why the sun bathes, so resentfully, under this spot;
And beneath the oak of the body,
Abandons
Her back?

(126)

To Befriend the Emptiness

Does the moon, too, know this fact /
That he neither sees nor foresees?
You ought not ask this star;
But you could befriend emptiness;
You could sleep on the sofa of the gale.
Why doesn't he allow his feet escort him to his own labyrinths?
Why doesn't he allow himself
To stare well into the chasm, domed to come?
Your resonance looks like inbeing,
My Lady.

(127)

Sitting on the Sofa of the Light

Language burns;
Ashes plead to the splendor of a flower;
Time lights his single, quenched cigarette,
And let his filed chimneys
Work in stations and pavements,
While the day is sitting on the wobbly sofa of the light,
Washing his feet with the dust of meaning,
And the whims of the storm.

(128)

Prayers for the Ashes

Should he spy on the night,
Or set up for a combat with it?
Why does death exist, then,
Since the sea is my friend?
Here I am praying for ashes,
With the gloom of doubt.

(129)

The Broken Bowl of Time

When I was walking naked, this desire disturbed me /
To beat the drum of the space with the fingers of the sphere;
To drink tea with light;
To write on the broken bowl of time..
- At times,
The self takes on the shape of the body,
And the body the self-
As for the reality of the soul,

It is what remained of trash.

(130)

This Age

This age is an ape
Urinating on his legs;
And as he sleeps,
He raises high,
His buttocks.